


THE ACADEMY OF Complements.

VVherin *Ladies Gentlewomen,*
Schollers, and *Strangers* may ac-
commodate their Courtly Practice
with most Curious Ceremonies, Comple-
mentall, Amorous, High expressions,
and formes of speaking, or writing.

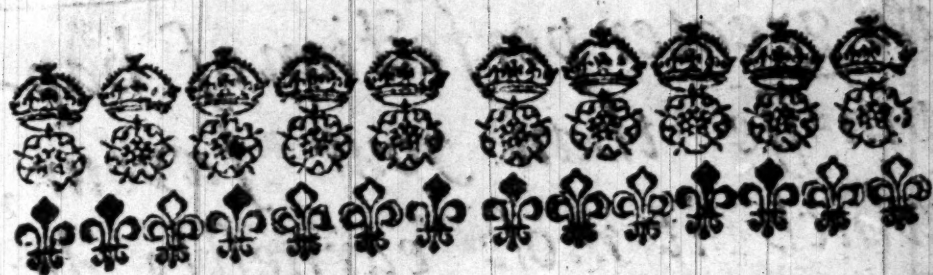
A Worke perused and most exactly
perfected by the Author with Ad-
ditions of witty Amorous Poems.

And a TABLE expounding the
hard ENGLISH words.



LONDON,
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and are to be sold at his Shop at the Princes
Armes, in S. Pauls Church-Yard. 1640.





To the Ladyes and
GENTLEVVOMEN
of ENGLAND.

If Custome did not
afford a Comple-
ment of Dedicati-
on; yet this Booke would de-
sire to insinuat into the affecti-
on of Ladyes and Gentle-
women; since it can arive at

The Epistle

no greater perfection of happiness than your favour, which it most earnestly desires. Let other workes covet their Patrons and Mæcenasses, to derive from them a golden sprinkling of their bounty; whilst this shall expresse an ingenuity beyond such vulgar intents, and in a brave and free manner sacrifice it selfe to your acceptance and service; desiring only that you would grace it
with

Dedeicatory.

with the influence of your propitious smiles, which cary in them a secret power, not only to cherish and advance the object whereon they reflect, but also to endear it into others opinions, and make it precious in their estimations. In requitall of this your favour, it shall bee alwayes ready to furnish you with the best expressions of choise complementall language, for though by nature and custom,

A 4 you

The Epistle

you can deliver your minds
in a smooth and gracefull
manner; yet from hence,
without study, or præmedita-
tion, you may command ne-
cessary Ceremonies. Besides,
your Ladyshippe's Chamber-
maids and waiting-Gentle-
women are to be pitied; who
having by their good cariage
compassed Suters, are often
constrained to blush, in igno-
rance, for want of Comple-
ments, wherewith to answer
them.

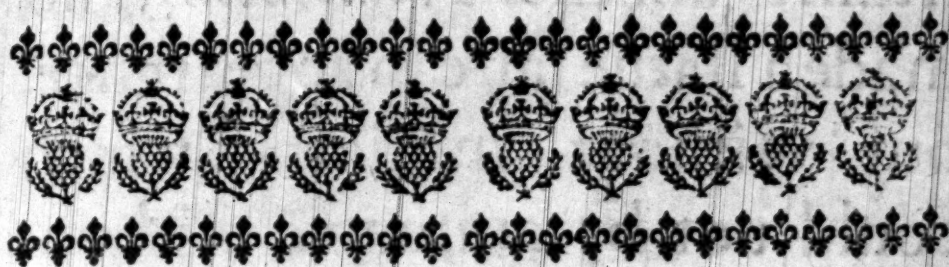
Dedictory.

them. Let therefore this one instance, instead of more which might be inserted, persuade your intelligible, generous dispositions to receive this Booke once more as your devoted servant, and to honour it with your favour; which I shall esteeme as an exaltation to the supremest sublunary felicity, and the highest terrestriall happines.

A S

THE





THE
A V T H O R S
P R E F A C E T O
the R E A D E R.

Here is no question but
eloquence is a principall
part in a well qualified
man, for to see a subtle and a
quicke wit foiled in this which is
the onely quality that is eminent
and adornes a man as usefull in
all occasions, it were to be in ex-
treames,

To the Reader.

treames, another *Prometheus*, who made a statue faire in appearance, but without motion; which could not be animated without Celestiall fire: it is eloquence which adorns our discourse, gives a grace and life to our actions, opens us the gates and dores to the best company, and puts us in such esteeme as well borne spirits ought to arrive to; without this we resemble walking rocks, all our actions being dull and heavie, our words without effect, our conceits without fruits, and our lives disgusted with those, with whom wee ordinarily associate our selves: to this purpose
in

To the Reader.

in this little volume feast thy fancie with variety of most eloquent expressions and formes of delivering thy mind to all, from the King to persons of the most inferior ranke or qualitie, for in this second edition, Let me tell thee that thou hast a Cabinet wherein the richest Jewels of our Language are lockt up, first thou hast chouse and select complements set thee down in a forme which upon an occasion offered thou mayest imitate or with a little alteration make use of, thou hast in the next place variety of subjects with expressions to the height of eloquence penn'd to quicken thy mind

To the Reader.

mind upon the like objects presented to thy view or fancy, thou hast witty disputes, amorous discourses, with an addition of most excellent Love Poems, complementall and most sweetly harmonious fitted to the tastes of Cupids guests, Thou hast exquisite Letters, such as containe the Quintessence of that sweetnesse our English tongue affords us at this day as it is now refined, then thou hast dedications, superscription fitted to thy owne desires for thy use upon any sudden occasion, Lastly thou hast a table of the hard English words with their expositions, in summe both
eloquence

To the Reader.

eloquence and love with their secrets and mysteries are made naked and manifestly revealed to the weakest Iudgement; all these benefits are heaped upon thee by one who is zealous for the honour of our Language, by one who bewailes those weake essayes that have beene made by others to this purpose, and with griefe viewed the former hasty and surreptitious edition of this booke, which now is purged and perfited to the booke-sellers own content: read it therefore with discretion and deliberative consideration, and endeavour to attaine to the quality of such worth that
thou

To the Reader.

thou mayst learne from it to cure thy dumbenes, to discourse confidently with thy friends, and assuredly to tender thy wit and service to those thou shalt have occasion to acknowledge, especially in the Court, where neatnesse and curiosities of all sorts, and principally of speech is to a syllable exactly studied: I will resolve thee good Reader but a doubt or two and detain thee no longer from thy pleasure; first thou seest not the name of the Author, if thou knewest the gravity of his person thou mightst well have him excused, next for thy country objection that down-right dealing

To the Reader.

ing is best, I answer thou mayest
sometimes be too plain in the way
of thy preferment; if thou namest
the word dissimulation, thou er-
rest, the whole heaven: this work
relishes in respect of the subject
more of curtesie, unlesse thou
abuse it by craft: accept it then as
every way beneficiall to thee, and
take my wish with thee, that thou
maist injoy as much pleasure in
the perusing of it, as I had to pen
it. *Adieu.*

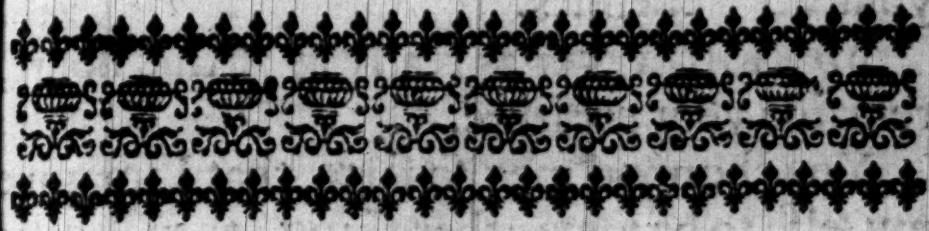
YOURS
Philomusus.

THE

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THE
ACADEMY
of Complements.
OR,
PEARLES OF
ELOQUENCE.



*S*r, Your conceptions are so strong, that they transcend my ordinary imaginations.

*S*ir, You honour me, as if you did erect me a thousand Statues.

*S*ir, You are above Fortune, which must stoope to your honours.

*S*ir,

Sir, Your deserts draw admiration from your very enemies.

Sir, I shall ever as really as at this houre, remaine your creature.

You honour mee so farre, that I imagine my selfe to be some other thing, then I have beene.

I doe repute my selfe happy, to be valued by a person, who is able to give a true estimate of me.

Sir, Your judgement doth amaze vulgar wits, since in you alone all those perfections are found, can be sought for on earth.

Lady, Your forme doth so ravish beholders, that you seeme a heavenly creature in a mortall carcasse.

Blemish not your mind with such detestable qualities least the stains of voluptuousness doe besmeare the excellencies of your proportion.

Sir, If you proceed to be so profuse of your treasures, mines of gold will not maintaine your prodigall expences.

Good *Sir* give me leave to feare least some sinister stormes of fortune stifle the early bloomings of my felicities.

Sir, The toyish conceits of your youth
are

of Complements. 3

re unfit for the testie cogitations of my
age.

Sir, There is a confused Chaos of contrary
conceits that wherles in my braines, and I
am lost in such an endlesse Labyrinth that
neither choice nor chance can draw mee
out of.

Give mee leave *Sir*, to gaine that from
your experience, that otherwise all the trea-
sures of the earth cannot purchase.

Sir, Should you continue to be thus ex-
cessive in your actions, the whole world
would take notice of you, as the mirror of an
immoderate life.

Bee not so inconstant in your affections,
least in the conclusion you prove like the
Marigold, to open at the sunne-shine of pro-
sperity, and to shut at the least appearance
of the clouds of adversity.

Leave mee *Sir*, whilst I learne to despise
such Gnathoes and to shake off such flatte-
ring cures with the flagge of my defiance.

Thesem faire one did never more triumph
at his deliverance from the perillous Laby-
rinth then I from the pernicious bondage of
such cruell beauty.

Fortune and fate place thee in the Pa-
laces

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laces of their earthly felicities.

So rarely accomplisht that it was hard to know whether vertue or beauty held supremacy in so rare a structure.

Sir, being incensed by your singular commendations, I am perswaded to her only to commit the chiefest treasures of my life and fortunes.

Pardon my rudenesse faire creature, since neither love nor fortune delighteth nor careth for them that are dastards.

Madam, You are the Saint to whose shrine I daily offer up my scalding sighs.

For your Beauty mistresse I may name you *Venus*, for your comelinesse *Pallas*, for your port and honour *Juno*.

If I want an Apology faire creature, Let love and necessity plead for me since they are tyed within no bounds.

Madam you are an object beautified with the richest gifts of nature, polisht with more then terrene perfections.

Tis you alone faire one that have made a breach into the Bull-warke of my breast, where like a gorgeous goddesse you command all my powers.

Feare not *Sir*, Love and fortune favours those that are bold.

Sir,

of Complements. 5

Sir, To grant you this one position is to admit of innumerable absurdities.

Madam, It is the perfection of your exquisite person, Majesticke features, and rare beauty that kindles my desires.

Mistress, Deceive mee not, least while I thinke to imbrace you for *Juno*, I catch a cloud.

Madam, Take heed of using *Cupid* so crabidly, for though he forgive and forget, *Venus* is a woman and will seeke revenge.

Sir, It is impossible that her heavenly beauty should be eclipsed with cruelty.

Madam, Though I have fought never so valiantly under the flagge of affections, yet except you crowne my indeavours with a voluntary yeelding I can never prevaile.

Mistress, If you take mee for franticke blame love, which as it comes from you as the cause so it consumes without reason.

Who can degenerate, fairest of women, or dare to entertaine base thoughts, when she views so glorious an object?

Sir, I am desirous to be suspitious of those felicities, I feare, I shall not long enjoy.

I am out of love with my selfe, that I may admire your vertues.

The

The charmes of Magicians are frivolous to me, in respect of the power of your presence.

I cannot looke upon your face, but I am perswaded to resigne my selfe up to you, as a wreath of victory.

That which blacks the *Moores*, and burns *Libya*, hath not so powerfull a lustre, as the beames of your beauty.

Halfe the Court is engaged to your expressions, and those whom you besiege with your language, must needs acknowledge you for victorious.

Mistress, Your breath is as sweet, as if you fed only on Pinkes and perfumes.

Sir, I cannot degenerate so farre from mine owne happinesse, as to forget you, to whose desires alone the events of all things are futable.

Let me beg of you to take notice of those advantages are bestowed upon you, above the rest of men.

Sir, If in your imagination, I am worthy to be esteemed of, it must be by your wisdom only, which can set a value upon my defects.

Sir, Your favour is the foundation of all my fortunes.

Sir,

Sir, It is your presence only can dissipate the clouds of my blackest melancholy.

Sir, In the midst of all my felicities, I shall have need of you to make mee happie; for without you, I shall ever esteem my selfe absolutely mi'erable.

Sir, I will rather put my reputation to the adventure, then refuse to act any thing you shall command me.

Sir, I have ever reflected on you, as on an extraordinary person, and have ever passionately remained yours.

Sir, I am so taken with you, that I am even sicke at the relation of your indisposition.

Sir, I shall not be backward in the expression of your merits, since they doe so exact an acknowledgement of all.

Sir, You shall never be able to accuse this Tenant as erronious, since I have never falsified my selfe to you, but have ever thought my selfe perfectly happy, to bee reputed yours.

Be carefull faire one, least being lead captive by security your mind float in the surging Seas of idle conceits, whilst the puffe of voluptuous pleasures and the stifling

B

stormes

stormes of unbridled fancy with raging blasts make a shipwrack of your beauty.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to incounter your graces courtesies with an unwearied constancy in the wayes of vertue.

Sir, I shall indeavour to countervail such paines with a princely Liberality.

Sir, The trumpet of your royall fame hath moved us who are but subjects of your generous liberality with all humilitie to entertaine such noble and heroicke favours cast upon us poore creatures most unworthy of such benefits.

Madam, There is no object can allure my wavering eyes as your *Venus*-like beauty.

Madam, The force of your beauty hath over-powered the weaknesse of my fancie since the exquisite perfections of your vertues are characterd in my brest.

Madam, Were you as wise as *Minerva* or as gorgeous as *Iuno*, yet the accounts of your beauty being cast up, the gaines of his affection might be put in the eyes of your Lover.

Coy one what happinesse insued the chastity of *Penelope*, nay rather what miseries pursued not the vertues of a *Lucretia*? how wretched

wretched are they then that deale with *Venus* or *Diana*, since love is a fatall care, hate a finall calamity?

Blame me not faire one, though my fixed fancies once abused turne to a fury.

By those smiles of your beauty your creature that before was plunged in a perplexitie, is now placed in the height of earthly felicities.

Mistress, Pardon my rudenesse for troubling thus rashly your musing meditations.

Certainely *Madam*, if the gods as Poets say, made beauty, they skipt beyond their skill, since they framed it of greater force then they themselves were able to resist.

Faire one, let the showers of your mercy mitigate the fires of my fancy.

Cruell one, if love be onely remedied by love, if fancy by mutuall affection, give me leave at least to appeale to your grace and favour, and at the barre of your beauty suffer your servant to lift up his hands in an expectation of mercy, though his life by your rigor be sentenced to death.

Fairest it is impossibility to perswade me to breake that league I made with my fancies.

Sir, I am a mortall foe to affection, and now to vow my service to *Venus* is impossible, since I have already addicted my selfe to *Diana*.

Sir, Whosoever readeth the records of the faithlesse protestations of men, their perjur'd promises and fained loves, cannot but view a poore *Ariadne* abused, a *Medea* mockt, and a *Dido* deceived.

Faire one, your beauty and vertue either by fate or fortune is too deeply shrined in my heart.

Be pleased at last faire beauty, to accept me for your slave and servant, and to admit me into your favour, as that I may freely enjoy the sight of your sweet face, and feed my fancy in the contemplation of your perfections.

Fairest, if my deepe desires merit no better deserts, then have I no other choise but to dye desperately or to live miserably.

Madam, There is a civill assault within me, by which I feele a certaine restraint of my owne liberty and affections.

It is impossible fairest of women, for any one to view your features, and not to be fetterd with the power of your vertuous qualities.

Mistris

Mistris, I feele such an alienation of my senses, such a metamorphosis of my minde; that it is impossible for mee to become any other then a servile slave to fancy.

How can I feare to enter a Parly with *Cypids* fairest creature, since there is such hopes left of victory by the happy presage of your auspicious smiles at the beginning of our loves conflict?

Sir, If I may continue to share in your favours, there shall not any under the Canopie of Heaven bee more proud of their good fortunes then my selfe, who really am your most affectionate servant.

Sir, It is for the good of the world that you enjoy your vigorous health, since you are ordained for the service of Kings, and the conduct of people.

Sir, I will reserve to speake of vertue, till your great workes come to light.

Sir, That which others call vertue, is the naturall habitude of your worthy person.

Suppose not I use the Court language, when I assure you I am more than any man living, *Sir*, Your most humble servant.

Sir, When I forget to confesse my selfe yours, you may justly suppose I suffer a per-

petuall silence, since whilst I have a tongue, I protest my selfe to be your affectionate servant.

Sir, I will make use of all occasions, to testifie how passionately I am yours.

Sir, There is no other thing remaining for me, save the onely glory of humilitie and obedience.

I should shew my selfe insensible of rarities were I not amazed, with the curiosity of your beauty.

Sir, Your heroicall qualities shine forth in you, as bright as day.

Madam, They that doe undervalue the comelineffe of your person, dare rob Nature, and bereave Lilies of their beauty, or the Crystall of his clearnesse.

Sir, The vertues of our forefathers are to be esteemed as vices in comparison of yours.

Extremities are in other things reproveable, in this laudable, since they force mee to confesse my selfe yours.

Sir, You are never so excellent a Poet, as when you speake of me, since you have Art to invent new Fables.

Sir, Those fine words, and quaint discourses, with which your Ladies are delighted,

lighted, issue from their mouthes, as a pure and innocent breath perfumed with kisses.

Sir, You goe through all employments with as good fortune as noble resolutions; neither can there bee any thing above your spirit, since all things stoope to doe you honour.

Who can distill sleep into the eyes of lovers, whose cares break forth with the morning light?

Love, Art thou but a vaine name and no essentiall thing, that hast thus left thy professed servant when he hath most need of thy reviving presence?

Reason, What art thou which canst foresee, but not prevent torment, but not succour; stupifie much rather than rectifie my mind and soule?

What is musicke to mee, but a dolefull voyce accompanied with the various discord of my sighs?

O Love, Wilt thou now at last offer me physicke which art my only poyson, or wilt thou doe me service, which long since hast brought me into eternall slavery?

How long shall my languishing sicknesse wait upon the triumphs of my passions?

At last ô faire one, cast the eyes of thy resplendent presence on thy abject creature, that by the brightnes of those rayes his baseness may be turned into a most high, and through thy affections, a most happy preferment, for being thus disconsolate by the frownes of thy rigor; how soon maist thou rase downe that temple which at first was built by the refulgent smiles of thy beauty?

From whence can these necessities proceed, that love hath laid upon me; most incomparable? *Lady*, are they by your commandment,, or is it by a power from your excellency, that *Cupid* hath such a command over mortals; of a certaine it is from you, whose faire aspect accompanied with so imperious a majestic, vanquisheth me by him so far to resigne the happinesse of my former liberty, as that I must now confesse my selfe to be your slave, if you thinke me unworthy of the name of your prisoner.

Cruell one, how long can I make an ostentation of my felicity, when the conclusion even the last scene of my Tragedy with horror presents it selfe to thine eyes? can death and dissimulation meet at that instant, when I leave the world, and my dying protestations

ons with thee, that for thee alone I forsooke
this earth; to bee more kindly used there
where I shall certainly be eased of these sor-
rowes? if there be a *Leander*, a *Pyramus*, or
a society of abused Lovers.

If thou art faire, is it to present thee cru-
ell? If thou canst command affections, wilt
thou therefore Captivate them? to be beau-
tifull, and yet terrible, are things incompe-
tible, things that implie contradiction, yet
even against the Lawes of nature, thou de-
stroyest nature, and where thou mayest raise
thee structures to thy perpetuall honours,
thou ruin'st them.

Most certaine it is faire creat ure, thy love
may make me to sacrifice my life at thy feet,
and I may punish that body, which could so
unjustly wound my once free and serene
mind: but alas wherein canst thou glory?
not in thy beauty, for that will vaile it selfe
at so blacke an Act; not in my ruines, for
they will pursue thee with some direfull re-
venge: blush then thou faire one, since to
be coy is to be cruell, to be cruell, is to alter
the property of what thou yet art, beau-
tifull.

Fairest, bee no longer so great an enemy

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to my desires as to imprison them in silence.

I cannot expresse the least disobedience to your commands, but rather hope my past displeasures may deserve pity, if not my future services a reward.

Ponder my merits in the balance of your mercie, that the unworthinesse of my deserts by the fair sufferance of your goodnesse may procure your gracious respects in my behalfe.

It is a sinne to suspect such vertue which glories to arme it selfe against all deceits.

Faire one, you have a wit which delights not to judge it selfe, and a beauty that glories to condemne others; reconcile your beauty to your wit, that the use of the one may restraine the abuse of the other, whilest we your servants live to admire your perfections, and you your selfe survive to perfit your vertues.

Faire one, what unremoveable suiter eclipses your affection from shining on your devoted and most constant servant?

Perfection of my desires, with one determinate answer blesse me with happinesse, or silence my long continued suit.

That my desires to injoy you are more
then

then to live, proceeds from the effects of my affection, the efficient cause being your excessive beauty.

Madam, The eyes of a ravished Lover cannot but have vertues aid so ready in himselfe as alwayes to bewaile the losse of a vertuous constancy in others, since such a losse by his owne affections is ever placed in the very face of his memory.

By the memory of our forepast affection, by the oathes of our yet continued love, by whatsoever is vertuous credit mee.

Can you Sir weare a *Marses* heart in a *Cupids* body, since the eyes of all spectators judge you fitter for the pleasures of the Court then the tents of war?

In him it seemes Nature was not mistaken, since whatsoever was in mankind, was in him to the uttermost.

Sir, It is a degree above humanity and therefore requires the admiration of your friends that your wit should so far out-goe your age.

It is not strange ô thou cruelst of women, that those eyes of thine should strike him with terrour, who stands unmoved with

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with the sight of the most horrible countenances of Death.

Sir, I am most infinitely bound to you for this so rare and noble a curtesie.

It is you, and none but you which I am bound to love, and therefore though I am presented with a likenes of your beauty, yet likenesse of another, cannot make the same essence of your person, much lesse can dissolve your commandements of my service.

The very image of your countenance and outward expressions of your behaviour are sutable to the vertuous resolutions of your mind.

Fairest, grant me this happinesse to have my poore affections raised to a Lordship over your thoughts.

Violence of love leads mee into this discourse, in which I am not so unfortunate as full of desires to be more happie.

Armies of objections rise up against my accepted opinion.

Sir, Though I were to passe through all the splendors of the world to meet with you, my pen could not reach you.

Sir, Nature in you hath laid deep foundations in respect of your qualities both of
mind

mind and body, in both which she hath made no promise of any mediocrity, by the distribution of which rare perfections she hath rendred you lovely to the world and fit for the service of the greatest Monarchs.

Sir, Your imagination, when you speake in such high tearmes, cannot but move me to believe great improbabilities.

Sir, How happy should I account my selfe, were the Characters of your Vertues imprinted in my breast?

Sir, No imaginary jealousies shall divert me from mine inclination to that goodnesse, to which I have alwayes had an extraordinary propension, by your Royall example.

Sir, I have an interest in your prosperity so farre, that I will not complaine of Fortune, so you have an occasion to commend her.

Worthy *Sir*, You know your selfe too well, to suspect me of flattery.

Vertue and Eloquence are bestowed upon you, to make you be amongst men as immortall.

Sir, I could not have the ambition to suppose that there could be any roome left, for you

you to entertaine a man, of so many imperfections as my selfe.

The contemplation of your vertues amaze mee.

Sir, I find in you, whatsoever may give a reputation to the Courts of Princes.

Sir, I am reserved for your sake, that nothing might be wanting to your glory.

Sir, You are the man whom the necessities of the States requires.

Opportunities would wax old, should I neglect this present to serve you.

All spirits will prove favourable to you, since you have convinced them by your merits.

Your generous disposition hath permitted me a longer audience, then your affairs could well permit.

Worthy Sir, Reflect upon your errature, with the bright beames of your generous disposition.

I cannot allot more moderate limits to my ambition, or wish my self a greater happiness, then to do you service.

Your heroicke acts succeeding Historians shall crowne with Laurels.

Sir, For your sake I will passe beyond the
Ice

Ice of my naturall aire, and undergoe the infelicity of cruell fortune.

Sir, There is no happinesse on earth, but is included in your selfe, or in what concerns you.

Sir, Your goodnesse doth bereave me of a voice to expresse your vertues.

Sir, You cannot blame me, though I hate ingratitude, since even beasts are capable of acknowledgement.

Sir, If you withdraw from me your presence, you overthrow all the honor you have hitherto acquired for me.

Sir, I shall fall sicke, for want of a capacity to digest your favours.

Sir, Whatsoever you undertake, permit nothing to your spirit, which may wound your reputation.

Sir, Of all men I dare free you from this crime, of violating the chastity of language.

Sir, I owe too much honour, to the memory of our forepast acquaintance, to displease you.

Sir, For your sake, at the same time I both enjoy pleasure, and endure paine.

Sir, I must beg of you hereafter to have a
grea-

greater care of my modesty, since you enforce me, either to loose it, or not to believe you.

Sir, The whole Court is sensible of suffering your name to fall to the ground.

Sir, I am so far from hiding my owne defects, that I acknowledge there is none so imperfect as my selfe; neither can any man arrive to perfection, except he be adorned with those abilities, whereof I am utterly ignorant.

Sir, I have neither power nor ability left me, but only to expresse, I am yours.

Sir; You have anticipated me of all Rhetorick, either of being complementall, or returning you commendations for your worthy favours.

Sir, Instead of requitall, of those vowes you offer me, I am put to a stand, what to answer you.

Mistress, I desire to passe my life in the pleasing dreames of your perfections.

Your Courtly voyce is like an Oracle, either to approve, or to condemne me.

Sir, I am none of those, who slight the benefits are showred upon them.

Sir, I cannot light upon that accent, where-

wherewith I might authorize my own follies.

Sir, All my thoughts are your reall inspirations.

Sir, I have no servile dependency but upon your conceptions.

Sir, In matters of Eloquence you seek out singularities, hitherto unknowne to any.

From the first minute of my acquaintance, I made haste, as I shall ever, to acknowledge my selfe, your most humble servant.

Sir, I entertaine these passions, to the end that you may appease me.

Madam, If you still persevere to dote thus on your beauty : the time will come, when your face will scare you, more than a judge doth a felon.

Sir, I have quitted all complacency, and there is no meanes shall make me silent.

Fairest, There is no part of the world so remote, whither my curiosity, in your search shall not cary me.

Lady, The morall of my affection, is to instruct you to make use of your youth, and to gather Nosegaies, before the Roses wither : for bee confident, when you have no further

further attractions, than an eloquent tongue no man will seeke for them in the furrowes of your face, and you shall onely bee left, to bewaile the ruines of your beauty.

Sir, Suffer your selfe to be convinced by reason, since you cannot resist the same, but to your disadvantage.

Sir, You must excuse me, since I know not in what manner to suffer so wounding a displeasure.

Sir, All the water in the Sea can never purifie me from this offence.

Lady, You have no more beauty, then wil serve to excuse you from being extreamly ugly.

Sir, If you grant mee this favour, you shall elevate mee to a more soveraigne fortune, then the State of Kings.

Sir, It were as great a crime to be ignorant of the diversions that attend you; as not to bee acquainted with the great affluence of noble company, daily repairing to visit you.

Mistress, In my most solitary walkes it shall be my ambition, to presume only to revolve you in my most secret cogitations.

Sir, In you alone I must commend the
com-

commencements of all vertue.

Sir, In all shapes, and under the most dreadfull aspects that can appeare, I am yours.

Sir, To retorne you complements for such excellent favours, were to undervalue their worth; since my language is too poore, and unable to lend mee wherewith to pay you.

Sir, I feare I shall be indebted to you all my life, for the favours I have received of you.

Sir, It is the height of my deserts, to bee passionately, as I am, your most faithfull servant.

Sir, My passions cannot so far transport me, but that I shall remaine, as I have ever beene, yours.

Sir, I intend not to commence any reall warre against you; for I acknowledge my choller to be artificiall, which I am ready to lay downe at your pleasure.

Faire Creature, Painters and Stage-players are not guilty of those murthers, which the darts of your eyes doe most cruelly commit.

Sir, I am not so curious as to condemne the

the whole multitude, which have lost themselves in the admiration of your vertues.

Sir, I will dilate my selfe no farther in my expressions; least I dishonour your goodnesse, with my prophane praises.

Sir, Mine eloquence will come too late, since there is no precept in all humane wisdom, which hath not presented it selfe to your view.

Sir, The consolation I have, next to the assurance I have of my innocency, is the liberty I enjoy, to professe my selfe, yours.

The principall object of my intentions, hath ever bin the glory of your name.

Sir, I doe professe my selfe yours, with all those protestations, which are able to make truth appeare inviolable.

Sir, I prostrate all my presumption at your feete.

Sir, I can no longer conceale my thoughts; since you have an interest, both in mee and them.

Sir, I never gave you a visit, which cured me not of some passion.

Sir, How often with your golden eloquence, have you taken mee out of my selfe?

Sir.

Sir, You alone can conduct mee to the highest pitch of accidentall perfection.

Sir, The beames of your eminent vertues, have discovered to me mine owne imperfections.

Sir, Instead of all those high expressions, you have bestowed upon me, I must only answer you, that I am your humble servant.

Sir, There can be no acknowledgement that I can make, can bee answerable to the obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, You mistake my disposition, if you suppose I affect praises, with the like intemperance, as I doe perfumes.

Sir, Should I forfeit such occasions, my friendship would never appeare, but remaine as a Recluse.

Sir, The World would end, and Nature prove unperfit, if there were not such men to maintaine her honours.

Continue to expresse your selfe what you are, that your vertue may be its owne catastrophe.

Fairest, My thoughts are not so often here, as where you are.

The Physicians have not so farre exhausted mee, but that there are some drops of bloud

bloud left, to bestow in part of your Honours service.

Madam, Put on those rayes of your beautie, that it may budde againe with the next Roses.

Sir, I confesse I was never more astonished, then to find such an equipage of sorrow about you.

Sir, You are adorned with all the excellent qualities, that Art and Nature can bestow, for the commanding of men.

Sir, There is not one part of your body, whereof another is not master.

Sir, It is not in my power to dispose of one single haire, since I am all yours.

Madam, You draw the eyes of all to admire you, since you are as a faire prospect, adorned with all pleasures, to allure the beholders.

You are the Cabinet, in which Nature hath lockt all her miracles.

Sir, Though I receive injuries from you, it shall be my humility, not to take notice of them.

Sir, I would visit those parts of the world, which avarice it self hath not yet found out, rather then loose your society.

Sir

Sir, It is impossible for mee to conceale my sensibilities.

Sir, What violence soever I offer to my anger, I can no longer containe it.

Sir, You do so heape your favours on me, that you will not so much as suffer mee to seeme miserable.

Sir, Your innocent actions carry their warrant with them.

Sir, You doe not so much expresse your wit, as your Tyrannie, in inflicting such torments on me.

Sir, Be not confident; least he whom you have so often injured, do at last grow weary of his sufferings.

Sir, You are the man, with whom alone I desire to passe the most pleasant houres of my life.

Sir, If you pretend excuses for so poore a trifle, know, I am no longer your affectionat servant.

Sir, I shall hold mine eloquence as pernicious, as the perfections of a Courtizan, should it prove any cause of your quarrels.

Sir, You usurpe a more absolute authority over wits, then is lawfull, or reasonable.

Sir, You smell too much of your Muske
and

and Amber, to expresse your selfe serious in the waight of affaires.

Sir, My conceptions are popular, and to be intelligible among women.

Sir, Your conceits are too far fetcht, and they transcend the subject, on which you bestow them.

Fairest, Let me ravish a kisse from your hand.

Sir, My affections spring not from the diseases and distempers of my soule ; since my inclinations to serve you, have their originall from immortall Reason.

Mistris, You have a power to infuse love and fidelity into the hearts of Barbarians.

Sir, You cannot bestow your favours amisse, on him who hath searcht the secrets of Nature, and the depth of Philosophy, that hee might not appeare to bee ingratefull.

Sir, You must give me leave to admire your judgment, which appeares to be farre more excellent, then your fortunes.

Sir, Let me not seeme to incurre a crime, since I am forced to extoll your generous liberality.

Sir,

Sir, You vary your shape, and change your perfumes, according to the diversity of seasons.

Let it please you, out of your noblenesse, to afford me to be your Graces most obedient and faithfull servant.

Sir, You have all those excellent qualities, that are necessary in a Prince.

Sir, I measure the necessities, and fatalities of this world, by your contentments, or discomforts.

Sir, In this exigence of my fortunes, I am forc't to admire your vertues; since you still set so high a value on your creature, who is lost to all men, but to your selfe.

Sir, Your goodnesse is as unlimitable, as the desire I have to serve you.

Sir, In you are comprehended all the riches, that Nature bestowes on her most glorious creatures.

Sir, I speake this seriously, with my best sense; you may reduce me to any forme.

All, who have either eyes or spirits, must place them on so deserving an object.

Fairest, Cast one glance of pittie on me, least you deprive me of all conceits of mercie, with the terrible aspect of your eyes;
C which

which are to me the Embassadours of life, or death.

Sir, You are the embleme of terrour, and you furious lookes are able to consume a Woman.

Sir, Lift mee not so high with your favours, least you doe but fit me for a precipice, and I behold my descent with a greater terrour.

Fairest, Let not your heavenly beauty, seated in it's royall Majesty, draw forth the sword of disdain, to the ruine of your creature.

Fairest Creature, Since I am the patterne of all ill fortunes, by the force of your affection free me from all the miseries that oppresse me.

Sir, You hit mine inclinations, since to recompence such vertues, were a work most worthy of all generous spirits.

Sir, Your refusall of the title of eloquent, proves your modesty to be most unjust; since your tongue long since did bereave you of all excuses.

Sir, I dare not enter the lists with you, in respect of your elegancies of speech; for when I would become most perswasive in my

my language, I appeare most barbarous in my expressions.

Sir, All your Rhetoricall arguments are but like blew flowers amongst the Corne; which though they may seeme pleasant to the eye, prove most unwholesome to the body.

Sir, I shall alwayes acknowledge the most artificiall language, to be like a Gentlewoman adorned with Rubies and Diamonds, which glister upon her garments, whilst shee her selfe wants the eyes of her body, and of her mind.

Faire One, can I pervert the powers of the planets or resist the force of the Stars? you may then conclude, I can repell these affections.

I am yours *Sir*, and will be yours in despite of fates and fortune.

Madam, Your excellent qualities and exquisite vertues have so assaulted the fort of my fancy, that I must of necessitie resigne my selfe up to you as a trophie of your victories.

Mistris, Since *Cupid* doth so fitly favour the causes of his clients, Let us not let slip so happy an opportunity.

Madam, If the wishes of a poore mortall may be heard above, I question not but heaven with felicities will crowne your royall deserts.

Madam, Though I have not hitherto by dutifull services made manifest the loyaltie of my heart, yet since I first framed in my fancy as in a mirror, the shape of your surpassing beauty; with all humility, I have cast my selfe and fortunes at your royall feet.

Fairest, There is none upon earth doth with a more loving duty reverence your person and vertues then I doe

Madam, In consideration of my poore fortunes, let my affection appeare so much the more excusable, since I so farre esteeme of your divine beauty and exquisite vertue as I would thinke my selfe most unworthy, though I were Prince of the world, to possesse your heavenly perfections, In respect of any of my owne native honours.

Sir, I have learnt to know that it is the religion of lovers to sweare and forswear.

Madam, The parching heat of Summer makes the coole shades more pleasant, and the frowns of lovers make their smiles more delightfull and cheerefull.

Mistress

Mistress, I must never hope so intirely to love as by my affections to requite your loyalty.

Sir, She which builds her fancie upon fading subjects, tyes her honour to the unconstant wheele of fortune.

Fairest, As a pledge of my protestations thou shalt have both my heart and hand to be thine in dust and ashes.

Sir, You have a heart as large as the Sea, which containes in it a capacity of all the ornaments that use to dignifie Princes.

Strive not *Sir*, to bereave me of the reputation, of my honour, least those that shall succeed me hereafter, read my infamy upon my Tombe.

Madam, The beames of your sunne-like beauty with their lively lustre and sparkling flames dazle the eyes of your amazed lover.

Madam, In the shady darknes of this Arbor, you seeme like a heaven enameled with an infinite number of Stars.

Having disposed so many affections to do you service, feare it not fairest, your servant must of necessity visit you.

Faire one, whilst mortals enjoy your heavenly beauty, the lustre of your resplen-

dent eyes shall as the day light serve them for the dispatch of their affaires.

Sir, I cannot be insensible of your miseries, since the webbe of our destinies hath passed us both through the like misfortunes.

Sir, I am reall and use not to entertaine my friends with dreames and illusions.

Sir, This your inhumane usage of your creature shall never seem strange to me since the most fervent affections of the world oftentimes degenerate into the vehementest enmities.

Sir, Wee equally share of one anothers discontents and dissolve our hearts together as one would melt one peece of waxe into another.

Fairest, Those eminent qualities which nature as a dowry hath bestowed upon you, like flowers spread themselves forth by the rayes of your bright beauty, causing those courtships services and admirations which so sweetly adorne you.

Mistris, Ladies of honour to expresse the sincerity of their affections have breathed forth their lives on the Tombes of their deceased lovers.

Madam,

Madam, If I am consumed by the fires of *Cupid*, blame me not, since your eyes enkindled the flames of my affections.

Madam, Exercise not the extremity of your rigour upon him that suffers such miseries under the title and quality of an offenders.

Know faire creature that a bright day may at last inlighten my innocency, when revengefull lovers shall search into my ashes to find our truth there buried.

Sir, These glorious progressions of your vertue will at last mount you to the highest pitch of admiration.

Madam, Shut not up these eyes from the light of your beauty, least they be perpetually open to teares.

Madam, It is impossible you should ever draw to you a reputation of honour signed with the effusion of my blood.

Madam, There are those will deplore my ashes and strew some silly flowers on the place impressed with the prints of your punishments.

Faire one, when my soule shall be separated from my body, it shall every where wait on your purified spirit as the shadow of it.

Madam, If you should please to condemn me to darkeness by the eclipsing of the divine light of your beauty, yet I despair not ; but that at last from the sphere of your splendors due to my merits, you will vouchsafe the rayes of your clemency to enlighten the duskie nights of my miseries and misfortunes.

Faire one, though death may separate our lives, yet love shall unite our ashes, and we shall preserve the immortality of our affections by the immortality of our soules.

Madam, Seated thus on your faire pavilion, you appeare like resplendent day in the attires of a Majesty absolutely royall.

Madam, Your goodly stature, well proportioned body, the bright colour of your face, the lively port and grave carriage of your person ; all of these speake you to be a regall branch, sprung from some royall stemme.

Faire one, your haire negligently discheveld and carelesse atire, grace forth your beauty, which shines forth in the midst of so many obstacles as the sun in a winters day.

Faire creature, cast not those eyes down, neither colour your face with those modest blushes

blushes, since it would appeare most admirable, that your vertues should find fetters in a place where they may expect crownes.

Sir, I desire to end my dayes on the theatre of Kings in their glorious services.

Madam, Heaven hath created me such an one, as you see full of good will, though of slender fortunes and meanes.

Sir, We have continually lived together as one soule, divided into two bodies, since our amities have taken roote in a mutuall temperature and correspondency of humours, and have maintained in us a continued familiarity which neither death nor hell shall have power to separate.

Fairest, Our breasts shall bee ever interchangeably transparent.

Faire one, dissimulation or contradiction cannot approach the sinceritie of our loves.

Fairest, Let mee embrace you with the opennesse of my heart and the profusion of my love, that our soules may evaporate themselves into affection.

Sir, Your favours create me againe, and give me a new being.

Sir, I shall never pretend any right to

any honour in the world, but only to obey your commands.

Mistress, The grace of speech dwells on your faire lips.

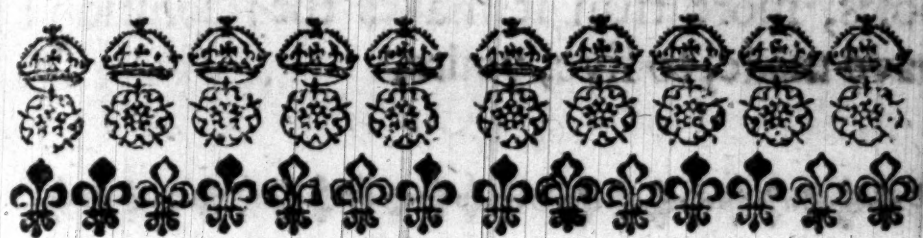
Sir, Hereafter ages shall take Palmes and Lillies to Crowne the relikes of your honor ashes.

Fairest, These eyes of mine, are but emblemes of teares mixed with love.

Madam, Spred not that Cipresse vaile ore your face, least you benight your beauty and darken the bright rayes of your owne curiosities.

Madam, Your beauty is a divinity left on earth to bee knowne and beloved of mortals.

THE



THE
ACADEMY
of Complements.

Choice and faire Flowers,
Selected out of the Garden of
Eloquence, to adorne our language
with variety of expressions,
upon severall occasions.

Upon his Absence.

I Shall no longer esteeme my selfe
absent from you, whilst I hold
any roome in your heart and
memory.

Let not my remotenes change your pur-
poses,

poses, more than it shakes the resolution I have made, to live, yours.



Protestations of Love.

IT is as impossible for me not to love you ;
as it is for the Sunne to forget his ordinary
course.

So am I ravished with your beauty, that
it will prove harder for me to forget you,
then it would prove difficult to resolve for
death: and know for a certaine, that I shall
still be rather content and disposed to con-
sent to the hatred of my selfe, then to the
love of any other object but you.

Your sight may be forbidden me, and you
may hinder me from speaking to you, but
not to have the effigies of your divine beau-
tie imprinted in my heart: and not to love
and serve you, it is a thing not only out of
your power, but mine also; for I am to you,
as an accident, so inteparable, that you can-
not be without me.

Vpon



Upon her beauty.

I Should have thought I had too much failed in my duty, had I not guided it to so much beauty; for the favour of your affections, is the sacrifice of my life.

Vanquished by your beauty, I have yeelded up the arms of my liberty and freedome, under your obedience.

Nothing shall take from my heart, but death it selfe, the faire Image of your divine beauty.



In admiration of her goodnesse.

I T is your goodnesse that hath supplied my small merit; which could not have durst to promise me the favours you afford me.

On



On her leaving him.

LOvers in despite of absence, loose not the remembrance of their Loves: they are as the Flowers; which, though trod on, do resume their lustre at the Suns approach.

To forsake mee, when your company is dearest to me, is no signe of true friendship, which parts not at death it selfe, since love remaines for ever.

Take pittie on all those bloody sorrowes, which the apprehension of your absence makes me already so miserably to feele.



To accuse in a Letter.

IT is better to love with severity, then to deceive with sweetnesse.

I would forbear to write to you in this manner, were it not, that the affection I beare you, doth force, and by its authority, draw all these words from my heart, and mouth.

Mistris,

Mistris, The Bees are not hated for their stings, no more should you hate me for the sharpnesse of my circumstances.

We must not praise our selves, for being better than the worst ; but rather blame our selves, for being worse than the best ; since then I faile in my merits, give me leave to mourne for my imperfections.



Farewells.

I Must depart from you, yet shall not mine obedience be deprived of your service.

Adieu faire Sunne of my life, I leave you for this present ; but be alwayes assured, that my minde, and my desires, shall never depart from your service.

Deare Love, I know not which way to begin to bid you farewell, nor how to finish this discourse, which once silenced, admits of our disconsolate absence.

Woe is me, must I needs wander away from all my felicities at once, loosing with the happinesse of your sight, the most perfect object of my beatitude ?

Farewell,

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Farewell, *Madam*, be alwaies fortunate, whilst I shal languish unhappy, though most constant.



Expressions of affections.

YOU can never doe so much for me, but that the affection wherewith I adore you, and the faith I have imposed in you, will prove far greater.

Mistris, You are the first, to whom my affectionate heart hath beene offered; and shall (if you please) be the last, that shall have the possession of it.

Doe but let me once discover my affections to you, and then command me to perpetuall silence, if you please.

You are the eye of mine eyes, and thought of my thoughts, the perfection of my defaults, the life of my love, the scope and end of all my desires and hopes.

Beare well in mind mine affection, that though I bee removed from your faire eyes, I may not be so from your favours.

The



The Lovers expression of constancy.

I Shall in loving you, manifest such an affectionate stability, and stedfastnes, that my loyalty shall thinke it selfe beholding to my love.

My constancy may easily shew you, that
it hath as good an heart to dye for you, as it
had a mind and desire to live and love you.

Earth shall sooner-disposseſſe Heaven of his place, then that any one ſhall boalt of loving more conſtantly than I.

I shall make it appeare to after times, that I am the man, who for your sake hath made himselfe the invincible rock of stedfastnesse: for I shall still hug my constancy, and never let it stirre from me, till my last gaspe.



Upon her affability and Courtesie.

IT is your courtesie that lends me the fa-
vour, which Heaven and Nature had de-
nyed me.

It

It is out of your generous disposition you wish me well, as it is of duty that I honour you.



Upon a lovers feare.

LOvers live alwayes in more feare then hope, and will sooner conceive of their sorrowes, then credit their joyes.

The feare I have, least my slender merit should take away your good mind to wish me well, doth in a sort make all those joyes imperfect, which this sweet thought of mine, made me to judge so full and entire.



On his Desires.

FAirest, Be but as desirous of my content as I am of your service.

My desires make mee as carefull to please you, as I am bound by duty, and compelled by inclination to serve you.

I wish, Heaven that gave me the boldnes
of

of desire, had likewise graced mee with
desert.



To give or present.

THis I dedicate, consecrate, and offer up
unto you, with the same heart, where-
with I vowed you my service.

I had rather present you with some small
thing, and so be reputed ignorant, then un-
gratefull.

Regard more the affection, then the me-
rit of the worke; and so accept it, not as a
thing of merit, but as a testimony of my
good will.



On effects of their Love.

You shall know one day in effect, what
you now have but in imagination.

One day you will come to know the con-
clusion of the irreproachable testimonies of
my true, and faithfull promises.

Vpon



Vpon her eloquence.

Your eloquence is able to steale the soule out of ones heart, and carry it whither it would goe.

One is no more able to overcome you with good words, then with good actions.

The eloquence of your sweet words stop my mouth, and bind me to perpetuall silence



Excuses.

In excusing your unjust feare, you seeme to accuse my boldnesse.

I pray you heare my reasons patiently, and judge without passion of my justifications.

It is for great minds to excuse great faults.



Experience of a Lover.

I Have so much experience of your good will, that it only remaines, that you make
trvall

tryall of my desire of acknowledgement.

I have had such tryall of your friend-ship and fidelity, that I hope you will not faile me in time of need.



Upon her face.

THe wonders of your face, made mee your Captive, as soone as I saw you; and that rare grace of yours, which makes you excell all others, retained me your prisoner.



Vpon his favours.

IF you judge, or deeme me worthy to favour you, hold that your merits are much more than my deserts.

I am ignorant what service might satisfie, for the favours I have received of you.

I can have no meanes, dutifully to acknowledge this favourable prooffe of your faire condition, and honesty.

Upon



Vpon his fortunes.

Fortune strives now to make mee pay the interest of those pleasures, she formerly lent mee.

Dame Fortune is too covetous, and usurious, in taking from me the interests of my prosperity.



Vpon her hatred.

I Do not think (though I should give you occasion to hate me) that your good nature can wish me an injury, since you are not composed of any thing, but love.

Courtesie dwelt on your fore-head, but malice resided in your soule, and lay concealed in your mind.

On



On her Inconstancy.

YOU use your friends, as one doth flowers, which please not, but when they are fresh and new.

I perceive that ardent affection which was wont to keepe mee so alive in your thoughts, doth now no more raigne in you.



In praise of Her.

I Could not, without making my selfe guilty of irreverence, speake otherwise to you, then in a way of praise.

Madam, To live with you, is to live with all the graces; for Nature hath made you the example of her liberalities.

For



For her retention of him in her memory.

DOe not that wrong to your true love,
to let him slide out of your memor,y for
then he must appeale from your judgement,
to your goodnesse.

Keep me alive in your thoughts, as I hold
you in the most sensible part of my soule.



On his Merit.

I Could never doe so great a thing, but
would bee too small for your merits and
my desires.

Your merits drive me to love you, my hu-
mour permits it, and my content will needs
have mee employ my endeavours to serve
you.

The praises you attribute unto me, proceed
from your will, and not from any merit of
mine.

The

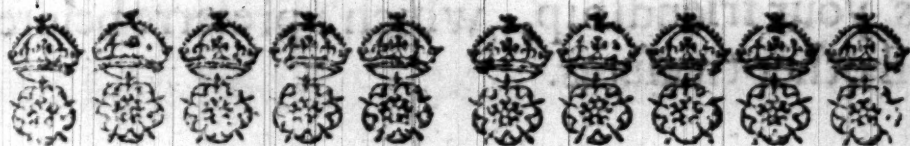


The necessitie of his Affections.

THe necessitie of love is most mighty in the world : for it overcomes all.

There is nothing more insupportable, in a necessitated person, then nicenesse.

O how happy a thing is that necessitie, that enforceth us to such good things?



Protestation of his obedience.

I Shall not all the dayes of my life have a will, which shall not obey yours.

You know the power you have over me, and that I am so much yours, as you can wish me.

D

To



To offer and present service.

AL L the honour and ambition I aspire at, is to see my self employed in your service.

Your beauty alone is able to witnesse the affection I beare you.

All that is mine, is no lesse yours, then are your thoughts and words.

The most favourable gift you can offer me, is your friendship, which I preferre before all other treasures.



Wishes.

HEaven, which heares the vowes of the faithfull, blesse and content your desires.

God make you the happiest woman that lives ; even as he hath made you the fairest, and most accomplished.

Hea-

Heaven grant you may be as faithfull, as
you are deare to me.



Bewailings of a Lover.

I Doe so bewaile our separation, that no-
thing can ever touch my soule, like the
griefe I endure by it.

The greatest griefe I carry along with me,
when I part from this place, is, to see how I
am for ever deprived of your faire presence.



To give thanks.

IF I have done you any acceptable service,
I thinke it was but the shadow of what I
desire to shew you, by reall effects.

I take this benefit from you, but as bor-
rowed; I will pay you rent for it.

Though the service I have done you, bee
but small; yet the desire I have had to ac-
knowledge the honours I have received
from you, are exceeding great.



On the deceits of Love.

YOur faire eyes have too much majestie
to serve for baites, or allurements of a
dissembling love.

Doc not deceive him, that will outbrave
death it selfe, to insure your life, and with-
stand the frownes of fortune to protect your
honours.



On his Life.

MY life is a Comedy, and therefore no
matter how long it be, so that it be
well acted: *Sweetest*, if the last Scene be
Tragicke, your crueltie must be the *Nemesis*.



On the lustre of her eyes.

Y Our eyes flash so much lightning, that like Suns, they dazle the sight of all such as dare behold them.

You have so established your Sovereignty over my soule, that the least twinckle of your eyes, disposeth mee of the state of my life.



A tender of service to ones Sovereigne.

Sir,

IT may appeare great boldnesse in me, altogether unknowne unto your Majesty, to hope that any beame of favour should reflect on my unworthinesse, to cherish my cheerefull willingnes, though with hazzard of my life, to doe you any loyall service :

Yet encouraged by yout royall goodnes,

D 3

that

that can let fall unequal, yet sufficient blessings on all, I beseech you to permit me, out of the valley of humility, to looke up unto the sacred hill of your Highnesse Majesty, and at the foote thereof, kneeling to offer up my devotions, and my most humble service; which if you graciously deigne to accept, as I do humbly prostrate them; I shall account your favour the supremest felicity, whereof I can be capable in this World, and I shall blesse the houre, that gave mee opportunity to present my selfe and service to your employment, than which, ambition can have no higher object.

Another.

THat which hath beene imagined of a golden age, as an *Idea* of all perfect happines, was but a prophesie of your gracious raine, showring downe felicity in such a plenteous maner, that all your Subjects are thereby invited to offer up unto you sacrifices of thanks and obedience; while I shall account it the chiefest honour, that my birth and stars could bequeath me, if I may approve my loyalty, in exposing my

my life to any danger in your service.

Another.

Sir,

THough I cannot worthily desire, nor deserve your gracious favour; yet it will shew you nearest heaven, and that you resemble the King of Kings, in accepting my weake and humble devotions, with the tender of my loyall service. Let not the poorenes of my merit, or the oblation make them contemptible in your sight; for I have long had an earnest zeale, to expresse with what integrity I adore the vertues wherewith you are replenished, farre above all flattery: so that your gracious raigne is but the *Galaxia*, or milkwhite path, through which you travell in your happy government, and by examples lead your subjects to Heaven.

Another.

Sir, If vertue and loyalty were not to be found in some of ordinary quality, I should blush and tremble at my owne forward desires to doe you service. But since it is a

signe of some eminent worth, not to carry poore and narrow thoughts, but such as may be high as heaven, whereunto that soule is allyed, which dedicates it's service only to God and the King : I therefore ever accounted it a noblenesse of mind, to rayse and advance my thoughts, to desire that I might shew my willingnesse to doe you service in some emplyment, whereby I might expresse and approve my selfe, your faithfull humble servant.



*A tender of service to the
QUEENE.*

Madam,

THe same service and obeisance which I offered unto the King, I doe now with as great strength of passion and affection tender unto your Majesty ; and as I am His loyall subject, so to be Your faithfull servant, shall be the height of my glory.

Madam, My service and obeysance is so divided

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divided betweene the King and your Majesty, that I shall esteeme it my highest contentment, and chiefe advancement, to bee accounted your humble servant, which Title will satisfie all my desires.

Another.

Madam,

There are no words strong enough, to expresse how much I honour your Royall perfections, which render you beloved and respected of all the world; while I make it the chiefe imployment of my life, to attend upon your command; whom to obey, is perfect happinesse.



An humble addresse to a great Lord.

My Lord,

I N regard of the many favours which your Honour hath heaped on me, I am bound, first to acknowledge my happinesse therein, and also to desire that you would alwayes

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reckon me in the number of your most obliged servants.



Otherwise.

My Lord,

As it is a great happinesse for me to come to your presence, and offer my devotions to your Excellency, from the Altar of an humble heart: so it will be an addition unto my felicity, if I may improve this present opportunity, to make tender of my service.



Otherwise.

My Lord,

It will become me, amongst others, to acknowledge your many excellent vertues, amongst which your noble clemency and humility are the chiefest, whereof as others have had experience, so I doubt not, but you will favourably accept the oblation and tender of my humble service.

Another



Another to some great Lord.

Most noble Lord, as I hold it for a principall favour in admitting me to kisse your honours hand, so shall I esteem my selfe most happy for ever, in that your honour is pleased to accept me henceforth as ranked in the number and catalogue of your most humble and obsequious servants.

Another.

My Lord, the ranke you hold with the great and singular ornaments of vertues, in you, doe oblige me to offer unto your Lordship all that little is in me, and to tender unto you upon all occasions, my service in all obsequious humility.

Another.

Most honoured Lord, if your excellency will be pleased to permit me to exercise my
small

mall indeavours of rendring my duty to your honour in expectation that heaven will favour me so farre as to grant me opportunities, whereby I may make appeare in effect the desires I have to performe to you my best service.



To tender ones service.

Cleodos.

Sir,

I Must entreat you to pardon my boldnesse, in that I, who am a stranger, have presumed to come to visit you, being invited thereunto by the fame and report of your noble vertues, which have made me ambitious to desire your acquaintance, and earnestly desirous, that you would impose on me some command, whereby I might expresse my selfe your humble servant.

Beumont,

Sir, You have much honoured me by your comming, and by your words, as through a Perspective, I clearely discerne the power of your affecti-

affections, bringing you hither, where your welcome cannot bee equall to my desire, nor your desert.

Cleodos,

Sir, The occasion of my comming, was for no other respects, but those due unto your merit, and by an humble addresse of service, to bring my selfe acquainted with you whom I honour, and am ready to serve.

Beumont.

Sir, You owe me no service, but I am ready to embrace your friendship, evidently discovered by your kind visitation, which is a favour farre above my desert; but I pray let not our love breake off, for want of any mutuall respects, wherein I will strive to equall you, and ever remaine in all the tyes of love, your most constant friend.

Cleodos.

Then I shall acknowledge my selfe most happy in my bold visitation; for to gaine your amity, is to me a chiefest felicity; not only in regard of your naturall worth, flowing from your birth and education; but also your sweet company and conversation, with which I hope you will hereafter be pleased to honour me.

Beumont,

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Beumont,

Sir, I dare not acknowledge that which you ascribe unto me, your praises are but the effects of your love ; but if my company, or friendship may bee any way pleasing unto you, command them both, for I will be ready to wait upon you : and therefore be assured of me, as of one that hath devoted himselfe wholly to your employment, for your love and kinde visitation hath gained me to be your true friend.



To thanke a friend for a Courtesie.

Cleodos.

SIR, I cannot give you thanks enough for your great love, exprest in that kindness you did me of late ; but I hope, though I expect a while, yet at last I shall snatch opportunity to make requitall ; and shew you how much I abhorre the vice of ingratitude, especially to you, unto whom I am so much obliged.

Beumont,

Sir, *What I did, was even wrung from mee*
by

by the extraordinary quality of your merit, engaging me to shew my utmost power and cheerefull willingnesse, to undergoe any service that might concerne you.

Cleodos.

Sir, It is your worthinesse, that you will not acknowledge your own noble and vertuous actions.

Beumont,

Sir, Those words would become me better in acknowledgement of your worth, wherein you farre exceed mee; yet in respect of amity, I will not yeeld, but ever maintaine a constant affection towards you.

Cleodos,

Sir, I will alwayes retaine in memory your good deserts in my behalfe, and you shall know, that you have not sowed your benefits on a barren ground, that will yeeld you nothing; for your love shall alwayes reape the fruits of my service.

Beumont,

Sir, Thereby you will oblige me, for I must acknowledge the number of your benefits doe binde me to serve you; but I never did you any kindnesse deserving your acceptance, much lesse meriting to bee remembred by you; yet here-
after

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after I will extend my power to the uttermost, to shew a mind free from ingratitude.

Cleodos.

Sir, That you have done already, and I doubt not but you will persevere in your affection; my care is only how I may requite your former courtesies.

Beumont,

Sir, It is I that am troubled to imagine how I may acquit my selfe for your former courtesies; for if you still proceed to be your selfe in such noble actions towards me, I must acknowledge my selfe overcome in the contention of Love.

Cleodos.

Sir, You shall not need to contend, since the former courtesies you have done me, do require that I should yeeld my selfe to bee, your humblest servant.

To



*To entertaine a Gentlewoman at your
Chamber.*

Aym. I Have brought you to a rude Chamber, but I am much beholding to you, for taking paines to grace me and my lodging; and am only sorry, I shall not give you such entertainment, as you deserve; let me bid you Welcome with a kind salutation.

Gent. Indeed, Sir, You have an handsome Chamber, fit to entertaine one of greater credit than my selfe; I hope you will pardon my boldnesse for accompanying you thus far; if I did not know you, I should be suspicious of bad dealing; and some jealous braines would not sticke to censure me of too much familiarity.

Aym. I hope you are confident in mee, that my intents are faire and noble, for I will not offend you with moving any thing that may tend to your disgrace, since my chieftest desire is to enjoy your company, and to discourse a while with you; here we have place and opportunitie.

Gent.

Gent. But those are enemies to our Sex, yet I hope, you will bee right and square in all your actions.

Aym. *May I never prosper, If I seeke any thing but your owne contentment ; for if I should make any base motion, you may with a frowne command mee to silence, and your displeasure would be to me above all torments.*

Gent. I doe not feare your honest intent, but these wanton Pictures are Emblemes of your roving affection ; yet one of them I like very well, and would request it of you, if modesty would permit.

Aym. *Alas ! these are but shadowes wherein the Painter hath exprest some skill, but if you please to make choyse of the best of my Chamber, it shall be at your command.*

Gent. I dare not presume so much, and though I should embrace your offer, it would grieve me, that I could not make you some requitall ; it does not become mee to be too much beholding, by trespassing on your free bounty.

Aym. *Alas ! What is it that I can deny you ? Pray esteeme mee at your command, and you shall favour me, if you make yonder picture worthy of your acceptance.*

Gent.

of Complements. 73

Gent. I thanke you ; it may be, I will be so bold to fend for it. Now it remaines, that I must thanke you for your kind entertainment and banquet, and so leave you, desiring pardon of my boldnesse.

Aym. Since you will not be detained, I will wait upon you to your coach, and acknowledge my selfe infinitely obliged for your favour, in daigning this kind vilitation.



To present a Ring to a Gentlewoman.

A*YM.* Pardon mee, if I, moved thereunto by the zealous affection which I beare you, doe here expresse it in the dumbe language of a small present, unworthy your acceptance ; yet I pray weare it for my sake, it may draw down your eye to think on me, who now am wounded by the powerfull beames of your beauty.

Gent. Sir, Though it would shew a scornefull mind in me, not to accept your love tendered unto mee in such a visible manner ; yet I am sorry you should bee at so great and needlesse charges : for wherein can I serve you to make requitall ?

Aym.

Aym. It is you that make this unworthy present precious, for if you deigne to let it encircle your white finger, it being a *Diamond* Ring, will sparkle most in the darke, shewing that love, like a clouded Star, shines lightest in the night of misfortune.

Gent. Well, Sir, I am obliged by courtesie to receive it, and since you please to conferre so rich a gift, on my unworthinesse, I will weare it for your sake.

Aym. Then you honour me above my desert; for your acceptance of this sacrifice of my love, is to me above all rewards. The Ring is inscribed with *Amor circulus*, love is a circle without end.

Gent. I must acknowledge your bounty, and my selfe your servant, in bestowing on mee so rich a gift.

Aym. The sparkling lustre thereof, cannot compare with the light beames of your eyes; but honour mee so much to cary it on your finger.

Gent. I promise that, and more, acknowledge my selfe infinitely beholding to you.

Aym. Enough is said, concerning so poore a matter: yet in your acceptance of this trifle, I blesse my own happinesse.

To



To woe a coy, scornfull Maide.

Aym. **L** Et not my love be misconstrued for presumption, if I once again strive to warme your affection, by declaring unto you, how much I honour your perfections; pray at last be mercifull, and doe not still reward my love with cold disdain.

Maid. Sir, I know that men have powerfull language, but I am none of those young ones; you are deceived, if you think that fine muske words can sweeten me up to betray my selfe; and for my beauty, I would not have you doate on that: it suffices me, without commendation.

Aym. Should I not commend what all admire, I were much too blame.

Maid. Sir, Wisemen admire nothing, for if I were beautifull, What is beauty, but a fading flower, blasted often, with too much breathing on; and cannot grow safely upon the stalke of virginity, because every one will be reaching forth to gather it? Pray excuse mee if I prevent danger, for love and I are quite fallen out.

Aym.

Aym. Let me reconcile you to a good opinion of a chaste Love, there is no greater happinesse than the sacred union of hearts, especially when long and humble sute conquers disdain, and so I hope perseverance will at last crowne me with your love, and bring you to entertaine my desire with a mutuall affection.

Maid. Sir, If you would be more thrifty of your breath, you might spend it to better purpose, for you may intimate your desires, and make tedious discourses : but in a word, I shall never love you.

Aym. O say not so, you know not how much misery those few words would bring upon me, for hope, grounded on your gentle disposition, hath hitherto kept me alive, and makes me walk like a faint shadow, while in my Chamber I am like a mourner, with a taper by me, watching my owne funerall, and I dwell there in a mist of sighs ; and all this is for your sake.

Maid. Well I hope you will not accuse me of your death, pray shake off this love, and I will then acknowledge your kindness in ceasing to trouble me with complaints. Learne wisdom, that will cure all distempers.

Aym. Yet while I live, I will attend upon you,
and

and When I am dead, I will visit you in a dream, and tell you, you were a cruell mayd. To conclude, let one parting kisse seale my passport to Elysiūm, and I am gone.

Mayd. Well, since you are so resolute, I will strive to give you a better answer at your next returne.

Aym. In confidence of that happinesse, I will presume to visit you againe, and live to bee your servant.



A jesting discourse with a Maide.

Aym. **C**OME, why will you be anemie to your selfe, and let modesty keep you still in the state of virginity? I came to offer my service to helpe you of this trouble.

Mayd. You are very kinde; but I like my present estate, Maids are happie.

Aym. Alas ! poore Ignorance, dost thou talke of happinesse? I tell thee, untill thou art marryed, thou art but a Cypher, and of none account.

Mayd. O Sir, You are deceived; our hearts,
free

free from the passion of love, retaine a world of happinesse, being exempted from any wanton knowledge; for maids, dying in their present condition, doe all goe to Heaven.

Aym. You are deceived, their punishment is to lead Apes in Hell; and therefore to avoyde this, be kind while you may, and accept of a friendly offer.

Maid. *What offer?*

Aym. Least it should rayse a blush upon your cheek, I will whisper it into your eare, you understand.

Mayd. *I heare too much, thy infectious words have betrayed a base ignoble mind.*

Aym. Why? I did but tell you a truth, I had thought you had bin more intelligent, and would not have started at a bold word.

Mayd. *Nay farewell.*

Aym. Pardon mee, all I have spoken was to try your temper, and having found you both wise and wittie, I will desire you in a faire manner to grant me your love, which I only desire; and though I did appeare rash and wanton, you shall find mee worthy of your affection.

To



To contract privatly ones selfe, and tye
the knot of Marriage.

Aym. **N**ow, our Love hath arrived to an
happy conclusion, the stormes raised
by your disdain, being blowne over, the union
of our affections making a soft and gentle har-
mony, which the Soule can only discerne; ther-
fore that our new begun love may never expire,
I doe here in the sight of heaven and all good
Angels, marry and contract my Soule to yours,
and give away my selfe wholly to be at your dis-
posing, untill the Ceremonies of the Church do
confirm my promise.

Maid. With as true an affection I doe
give over my selfe into your possession, and
freely bestow on you, my love, which shall
never know alteration, but remain ever firm
and constant to you now it is expedient
that you obtaine my friends good will, ac-
cording to your promise; and till then we
must remaine only contracted in affection.

Aym. Heaven, I beseech thee beare wit-
nesse to our private agreement, and may I never
know one day of comfort, when I breake my pro-
mised

mised vow; let me now embrace you with the armes of affection, and thus with a kisse seale the obligation of our Love.



To salute a friend newly arrived from
a Journey.

Alex. **S**Ir, When the newes of your returne had arived to my knowledge, I was pained with an earnest desire to behold you, and prevent other of your friends, by the first tender of my service: that as my love towards you doth exceed theirs, in true, perfect sincerity: so it might in place obtaine priority, and shew how ambitious I am of your favour.

Aymwell.

Sir, You still continue your former noble-nesse, making it your chiefe aime, to exceed others in perfection of mind; otherwise I had intentions to visit you, but it is your desire and happinesse to overcome your friends in kindnesse; for which I can but returne you thanks, and acknowledge you a worthy friend.

Alex.

Alex.

Sir, You make too good an interpretation of my rash presumption, but it is held, that friends have but one soule in two bodies ; therefore, when I behold you, I enjoy the other halfe of my selfe ; besides, after long absence, your company must needs bee more pretious ; so that I had both Love and Reason on my side, to perswade me to come and visit you.

Aymwell.

Sir, I want words to expresse my mind, or to argue a case in love ; but in my opinion, I ought to have visited you first, in regard I am very much obliged unto you : but to proceed no farther in ceremony, let us discourse of some other affaires. I will be bold to enquire, how all our friends doe.

Alex.

Sir, Some of them have undergone change of fortunes, and therein declared an invincible strength of mind ; but Heaven be thanked, all that honour and respect you, are living, and in health.

Aym.

Sir, I am wonderfull glad to heare of it, and I shall rejoyce exceedingly when I meete any of my old acquaintance ; I hope I

am not altogether lost unto their remembrance, they will know me certainly.

Alex.

Sir, Travell hath not wrought much change in you, but I detain you, I feare, from your rest.

Aym.

Sir, Were I tired with travell, as I am not, yet your company would very much refresh me.

Alex.

Sir, I will crave your pardon at this time, I know to tarry longer, would be troublesome unto you; but to morrow I will wayte on you againe.



*To entertaine a friend, who is come
to visit one?*

Alex.

Sir, **I** Am most glad to see you, though I have no other entertainment for you, but a kind welcome.

Aymwell.

Sir, I expect no more, I come to enjoy your

com

company, and to be happy in your society ; for in the generall, I doe find none that can suite my condition, so well as your selfe.

Alex.

Sir, Take of me what pleases you, I am vowed to your service ; and your loving visitation is an addition to your many other kindneses.

Aym.

Sir. All that I acknowledge, is a will to doe you service : but I haue beene slow in producing the effects, hereafter I will study to deserve.

Alex.

Sir, it is your ingenuous goodnesse, to decline the acknowledgement of your owne vertue and deserts, farre surpassing my merit ; for tis I am bound to be your servant.

Aym.

Sir, It is I that am obliged to you, by many strong ties of affection, from which the service of my life cannot disengage mee ; but I have trespass against manners, pray take the chaire.

Alex.

Sir, Please you to sit first, for it becomes me to waite your leasure.

Aym.

Sir, *I am provided, but if it may not appeare too much boldnesse, what was the Adamant, or occasion, that made you thus kinde, to visit my lodging?*

Alex.

Sir, Shall I tell you? I came not to borrow mony, or to enforce your good nature to grant any motion of request; but only to keep our love and amity fresh, and in perfect strength, by some conference.

Aym.

Sir, You have chosen a bad opportunity, my affaires carry me away from my friends; besides the obligation of my word to a Lady, to attend upon her this day.

Alex.

Sir, I will choosẽ some other time, to attend you.

Aym.

Sir. *I will attend upon you, if I might know the place, and houre, where to meete you.*

Alex.

Sir, I will not put you to that trouble, it will become mee rather to waite on you.

Aym.

Sir, Pardon me, I am much obliged to you.

Alex.

Sir,

Sir, I am your servant.

Aym.

Sir, I am the servant of your servants, pray remember my respects to all our friends.

Alex.

Sir, I will be yours in that, and all other services.



To woe a faire young Gentlewoman.

Aymwell.

Pardon me, I pray, if I presume to speake, what I have hitherto, with much affliction, hid from your knowledge.

There is a Gentleman that hath beheld your outward beauty, and by his judgement clearely discerned your vertues, the ornament of your mind; these have produc'd in him a strange effect, so that in spite of his owne Reason, or dissuasion of friends, he is violently compell'd to speake truth.

Penelope.

Sir, Call you this an affliction? Tis unhappinesse to speake, and heare truth.

Aymwell, Doe you hold that opinion?

Then I will convince you by your owne argument. For if it be unhappinesse to heare truth; then I hope you will pardon me, if being compelled by the strength of my passion, I doe truly tell you, that I have plac'd my affection wholly upon you, or as they commonly say, I doe love you.

Pen.

Sir, I am sorry that you have made mee the object of your love, I know your birth and person may deserve one of greater account; and therefore I am amazed at the unexpressed novelty of your motion, not imagining, but your bosome had been free from any flame: let your wisdom then suppress it, least your love becom fruitlesse in the event.

Aym. I will not be discouraged by your first answer, for neither are you beneath me in quality, who am your servant; neither can it appeare to you so strange a matter, that I should be taken with your beauty, which others admire; though it be my fortune only, to be bolder then the rest, and I hope not unwelcome.

Penelope.

Sir, I would not have you cherish any uncertaine hope, nor build any assured foundation, where you have no ground given: love cannot be compelled, but must flow from the

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the spring of naturall desire; but I find in my selfe no inclination to entertaine your affection; therefore you must pardon me, if I deny your sute, which I cannot grant.

Aym. *Nothing is impossible to love; for if you would beleeve that I beare a noble and constant affection towards you, you would soone overcome this difficulty, and encline your minde to reward my affection with your favour.*

Pen.

Sir, I am confident, that your affection is right and perfect, not seeking, under a faire and colourable pretence, to betray me; yet I cannot force my selfe to consent to your motion, I being utterly ignorant in Love matters; therefore excuse me, till time, and consideration shall enforce me how to answer your desire.

Aym. *I am comforted, that you have not utterly denied my sute; I hope at my next visitation to receive more comfort; till then, I take my leave, and presume onely to breath my heart upon your hand, or, if you please, your lip, desiring you to remember me in absence.*



When one meeteth a friend in the Streete.

Alex. **G**OD save you, *Sir*, You are most happily met. How fare you?

Clor. *Sir*, I am the better to see you well and lustie, why will you not doe me the honour to visit me at my Chamber?

Alex. *Sir*, I must confesse I have often broken promise therein, but businesse would not permit me, otherwise I had long since waited on you.

Clor. *Sir*, I should rather account my selfe obliged to waite on you, for I am bound unto you for many favours; especially, for the last courtesie you did me in a matter which concerned me much. Will you now doe me the kindnesse to beare my respects to a Gentlewoman?

Alex. *Sir*, If she be honest, I am ready to goe on your errand. I hope you will not put me on a disgracefull peece of service.

Clor. *Sir*, I hope you have no such bad suspicion of me, for she is both a faire and vertuous Gentlewoman, and hath a nimble wit: but I know you can deliver your mind in an excellent way.

Alex.

Alex. Sir, It is you, whom *Mercury* the god of wit hath adorn'd with a gentle amorous speech ; but I will speake in your behalfe, in as good and effectuall tearmes as I can remember.

Clor. Sir, You shall doe me then a most perfect favour. Tell her, I am her ready and willing servant, and that the power of love hath given her my heart, which I will come to fetch, in hope she will give it me backe, and till then keepe it warme in her owne bosome. But what need I instruct you, who are all Love and Courtship?

Alex. Sir, I will performe your command, though not in such words, as you would desire, yet so as my suddaine Genius shall prompt me, but I have heard it said.

*That in way of love and glory,
Lovers best tell their owne story.*

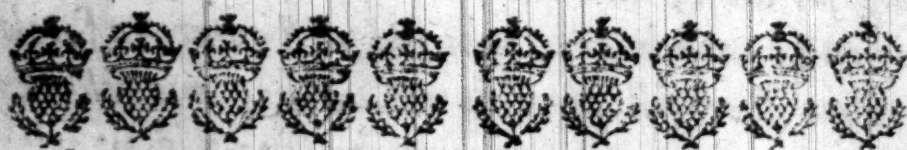
Clor. Sir, Pardon me, I know whom I doe entrust with this businesse, I am assur'd of your fidelity, and that you can deliver your mind in a powerfull maner, especially, to Gentlemen.

Alex. Sir, It must be my love to you that must inspire me : but I promise you, I will strive to speake my best.

Sir, I am confident in you, and at your re-
turne

turne from my Mistris, I will prepare thanks for this great peece of service; and rest, yours obliged.

Clor. Sir, It is but my duty, I am happy to be imployed in any service that concernes you, suppose this done.



To court a Gentlewoman in the way
of Marriage.

Eugenius.

Mistresse, I doubt not but that you will judge me as rash as bould: but I beseech your divine beautie which glittereth in your faire eyes, to excuse my audacity, and to pardon my temeritie, which have emboldened mee to come and present unto you my most humble and most affectionate service.

Calia.

Sir, I am very sorry that I have not the honour to know you: and I mervaile that you will offer service to mee, that of all am most unworthy.

Eugenius

Eugenius.

Mistress, It is the sweetnesse of your naturall goodnesse that causeth you to speake in this sort.

Calia.

Pardon mee Sir, I speake nothing but I know to be most true.

Eugenius.

Lady, This singular modestie which I see to the life expressed in your words, gives me a hope that you will entertaine my intentions not as harsh and disconsonant, but as agreeable and consonant, and that in time I shall obtaine some one of your favours and graces.

Calia.

Sir, if there were any graces in me, they were yours : but I have not any, you can expect none.

Eugenius.

Mistress, It is that, which obligeth mee to a greater estimation of you, and makes you more amiable, and mee more affectionate towards you : so also I beseech you to beleieve that my intentions were never otherwise than chaste and vertuous, and that I never had any other end than honesty. Did you thinke me to have framed some designe prejudicial to
your

your honours. I had rather loose my being, than entertaine any such thought : so also is it my resolution for ever to continue your most faithfull and obedient servant, as the effects shall make it evident that the prooffe thereof shall manifestly appeare whensoever your commands shall call upon me.

Calia,

I humbly thank you Sir with my best affection ; as also for the paines you have taken for one that no way merits such favours, I being your very humble servant.

Eugenius.

Lady, It is I that am so deeply engaged to you, that I am disenabled to quit my selfe of the obligation; and therefore (most faire Mistressse) I beseech and conjure you to make use of my service and me, in whatsoever you shall judge me capable to serve you. And in the meantime after a million of recommendations I will be bold to take my leave of you, and will leave my heart with you as an astage and pledge of my fidelity and constancy.

Calia.

Farwell Sir, and I give you humble thanks for this your loving visit.

Eugenius,

I hope

I hope to see you againe and very speedily, where for the present I must leave you.

Calia.

Sir, So farre as your intentions shall continue good, and your suits lawfull, you shall alwayes finde our doores open, and also to Gentlemen like your selfe, who shall not want our best entertainment according to our best possibility, and in that regard you shall no oftner come then be welcome.

Eugenius.

Lady, I do assure you that I now goe to elongate my selfe from my bright day, and confine my selfe into an abisse of melancholy darknesse: for I dare be bold to protest unto you, that without you, I enjoy no light of day, and therefore all the time of this sad absence will be so tedious to mee, that moments will bee houres, the houres dayes, and the dayes will be ages, unlesse it be so that the experience of being in your favour will be my sole consolation, and with that I will arme my selfe with a resolute patience.

Calia.

You speake strong lines *Sir*; but it may be you are not so passionate as your words pretend. Farewell *Sir*, till our next meeting:

Eugenius.

Eugenius.

Mist'is, you doe a wrong to your beauty, and to my love which is faithfull and loyall: but I hope that time Will make me appear more largely to be what I am, and seeing necessity constraines me to retire from you, I will never retreat from my affection which your faire eyes have darted into my soule. And so Lady adieu till my next review, which I assure you shall be my soonest possible.

To present something to a friend.

Alex. **S**IR, I have alwayes had an earnest desire to make my service visible unto you, and therefore I am bold to present unto you this Ring; desiring you, not to value the gift, but the affection of the giver, who doth sacrifice this unto you, from the Altar of an humble heart.

A. Sir, This is an addition to your many other favours, you are mindfull of me above my merit; how shall I make you requit all?

A. Sir, Your acceptance thereof is the chiefe ayme of my desires; I would have you thinke, that true love uses by dumbe signes and tokens to expresse it selfe.

A. Sir, Beleeve mee, so rich a gift as this
bath

hath a most powerfull language : if it had been meaner, it would have sufficed me, who must rest beholding unto you, till I have opportunity to declare my selfe farther.

A. Sir, It is your worthines that makes it appeare so worthy : but I know no gift can be above your merit, nor sufficient to declare in what ties of observance I am bound unto you : your acceptation gives it more lustre and richnesse then the Ring doth deserve, being but a meane token of my affection.

A. Sir, I beseech you doe not extenuate your selfe, nor it.

A. Sir, This Ring is but the embleme of my service, which since you are pleased to receive, I must give you many thanks for your acceptance.

A. Sir, It is easie to perswade the receipt of a thing of such value, but I will merit it as the oblation of my love.

A. Sir, For that I must remaine eternally your constant, faithfull friend.

A. Sir, I am yours in all respectfull services, to be commanded.

A. Sir, You oblige me too much both in words and deeds, I am all yours.



To entreate a courtesie of a friend.

A. Sir, as necessity hath no law, so it hath no shame; for, contrary to my disposition, I must become an importunate Suter unto you.

A. Sir, Name it, it must be something more then I know of, which I can deny you, Who are alwayes modest in your requests.

A. Sir, I feare I shall give you no occasion to report the contrary, I would desire you to lend me your Horse, to cary away a little treasure by Mooneshine.

A. Sir, I doe not well underst and you, pray interpret your selfe, and disguise not your meaning.

A. Sir, I would desire you to dispense with mee, it is a matter that concernes me neare, I am to beare away the Vsurers Daughter, and cary her where shee shall remaine private, till stormes be blown over; pardon me, that I have made you acquainted with my purpose.

Alex. Sir, I will be ready to assist you, and
since

since your fortune cannot proceed without my Horses legges, if he were the *Muses* Pegafus he shall be your servant, it is but to cary away a peece of live Venison, and that's a meane trespasse; Cupid has enough in his Parke.

Aym. Sir, I am glad you are so pleasant, and doe so well apprehend my intents. I was afraid, least my purpose being knowne, which was manifest in mee to deliver, I should have suffered repulse, and have beene blamed by you for my bold attempt.

Alex. No, Sir, I doe account it in you a bravery of minde, that dare aspire to reach a fortune, and plucke the golden Apples of *Hesperides*, watch't by the old Dragon the Usurer: but I would not have you lose time in talke; I will bid the groome prepare my horse ready for your employment.

A. Sir, The whole service of my life cannot requite your kindnes, for since you have granted this request so willingly, I shall owe my good fortune to your favourable assistance.

A. Sir, I will pray that your attempt may be prosperous, for I shall rejoyce in your happinesse, as much as in mine owne; Therefore my good wishes shall bee your good Genius, to Waite on you;

you; while my Prayers sollicite heaven, for your happy successe.

A. Sir, You have exprest your selfe a noble friend; and when this businesse is past, all the study of my life shall be to shew my thankfulnessse to you.

Alex. Sir, I desire nothing, but that you may thrive in your desires.

A. Sir, Next my intended purpose, my chieftest glory and ambition is, to thrive in your favour.



Upon his absence.

EVgenius, *I protest to you my fairest, that I could never have beleevved that the torments of happines from our loves could have been so miserable; for I dare sweare to thee by those faire eyes the starres of my fortunes, that I dwelt with impatency and sorrowes till I saw you.*

Cos. Is it possible Sir? surely I can hardly believe it.

Eugenius, Mistris I beseech you to beleve it

it if you please, for I assure you that I could no longer endure nor support the violence and troublesome tediousnes which I indured in the time of your so long absence, the object of my good and sole content being removed.

Cæl. Sir, It may very well be, for you seeme very passionate in your actions.

Eugenius, I protest that it is impossible for me to take any complacency in the world, but in that only that flatters my affection, and in the aspect of your rare forme and most excellent Beauty.

Cæl. Sir, It pleaseth you to terme it so; content your selfe in laughing at mee, as you may at one that injoyeth not the least glimpse of beauty in my selfe.

Eugenius, Wherein my deereſt, should you conceive so of me? I doe assure you with the better part of my soule, that I should be a miserable man, should I not really speake what my affections suggest as truth: know L A D I E, that you see a man that is wholly yours, and desires not to live but for you, and to doe you service: but that which troubleth mee most

is that of necessity I must absent my selfe from you upon a very urgent occasion, but I beseech you to beleeve and conceive so of me that whither soever I goe, I shall carry with mee the lively delineaments of your perfections, and that I shall not live but by the Idea of your beauty with perfect resolution of obeying you, and therefore my sweetest adieu for a while, for the present to have mee excused that I cannot enjoy the felicity of your most desired company, but must take my leave so abruptly.

C. Sir, I infinitely thanke you, and bid you also adieu, wishing you a safe returne.



A merry Discourse between Rowland and Susan, sitting up late together.

Row. It is time, *Susan*, that I should now discover my minde unto you, we have beene long servants together, and ever since my first comming, I have borne you good will, which I would desire you to accept, and grant me your love.

Susan. For that you must pardon me, for I doe not intend to marry, and therefore let that
serve

serve for an excuse, since I would be loth to discourage you, and say, I cannot love you.

Row. I hope you will not, for since I first beheld you, I have admired your perfections.

Susan. You know, affection cannot be compelled; therefore I thanke you for the good will which you have hitherto borne me, but as for your love, I cannot accept of it.

Row. Then I perceive you love some other.

Susan. I desire you to excuse me, I cannot frame my minde to fancy you, though I know you deserve my betters; but for mee to settle affection where I cannot love, would bee an endlesse misery: the Bryer and Honey-suckle cannot well agree.

R. Then you compare me to a Bryer, but I will with all humility put up your disdain, hoping that the continuance of my love shall soften your mind, to receive me into some degree of favour, for I protest, I love you entirely.

S. The utmost I can doe for you in requitall of your love, is, to give you thanks, and counsell to suppress your desire, and not to proceed any farther in this sute, which at last will become fruitlesse.

R.

R. I should be sorry then : by this kisse which I presume to take, none hath power over me but your selfe, I love you all over, and if you would licence my heart to stray about, how happy should I be?

S. Nay, then I perceive your love is but a rash and wanton desire; neither can I stay with you any longer, least my absence out of my Mistresses Chamber might breed some suspicion.

R. Stay, I will hold you in the prison of my armes, and if you will get your freedom, you shal yeeld me some of your sweetest kisses, which are but shaddowes of that substantiall happinesse which you could afford me.

S. Nay, pray be not rude, nor give mee cause to suspect that your love is dishonest, I had formerly better opinion of you, but now I am jealous of your good intent.

R. Pardon mee, if love have made me offend in some boysterous actions.

S. Come pray let me be gone, I shall be angry if you hinder me.

Row. Well then, I obey your desire, but let me prevaile farther with you at our next meeting.

An



*An Enterchange of Ceremonies at parting
with a friend taking a long journey.*

Sir, I am very sorry that my affaires doe compell me to take my leave of you, from whom I have received so many benefits, which have bound me in many tyes ever to serve you; neither have I any way left to satisfie my selfe in requiting your former kindnesse, but to acknowledge them farre above my requitall, and to desire you, that you would both receive the tender of my humble service, and command me in something, whereby I might expresse how much I honour your desert.

Sir, I cannot choose but grieve that you must now bee divided from us, by a tedious journey; yet since he loves himselfe better than his friend, that will not yeeld to any thing for his good, I am content in that regard to loose your company a while, wishing you both a prosperous journey, and that in your absence you would remember me, w^o will alwayes in my daily prayers sollicite heaven for your safe returne, desiring.

ring to be excused for your poore entertainment, which perhaps makes you desirous to be gone.

Sir, Pardon me, the entertainment I have found, was farre above my desert, for which I render you a million of thanks. There remains nothing now, but that you honour me with your commands.

Sir, I intreate you make not so great haste to be gone.

Sir, I could willingly defer my journey, to enjoy your company ; but the winde stands faire for France, therefore let us conclude all Ceremonies.

Sir, Since we must dispense with your departure, I pray doe us the courtesie to revive our drooping mindes, with the good tydings of your safe arrivall in France.

Sir, Be assur'd I cannot be unmindfull of you, nor of my other friends, to whom I pray you to commend mee, since I cannot take my leave of them all in particular.

Sir, I am glad you will doe mee the favour to give me any imployment in your absence, I will performe your desire.

Sir, I can but thanke you, and for your love in bringing me to my Shippe, which is a trouble, that you would take upon you, though

though on my part undeserved.

Sir, I am happy to serve you in any thing,
God send you a prosperous journey.

Sir, I doubt not but I shall arive in safe-
tie, trouble your selfe no farther, since I can-
not remaine with you to requite your kind-
nesse.

Sir, Since you will needs have it so, I will
bid you, farewell, With all the affection of a con-
stant friend.



To invite one to dinner.

Alex. **P**Ray let mee prevaile so much with
you, to entreate your company to
dinner.

Clorin. Sir, I humbly thanke you for your
courtesie, but my businesse will not permit;
therefore I desire to be excused.

Alex. Nay good, Sir, Let me not be denyed,
I must confesse indeed your cheare will not bee
worthy of your stay; but you shall be heartily
welcome.

Clorin. Sir, I would willingly obey your
desire, but I feare to be too bold.

Alex. *Sir, You shall be most welcome; you shall command in my house as in your own.*

Clori. Your offer is so large and courteous, that I must yeeld to waite on you, for you have overcome me in ceremony; but you will draw upon your selfe much trouble.

Alex. *Sir, You will finde but course fare, but such as it is, pray esteeme your selfe most heartily welconse, and in a reall manner without complement.*

Clori. *Sir, Here is much plenty, and you wrong your selfe to excuse your fare, whereof there is so great abundance, that unlesse you would have provided all the variety that was in Noah's Arke, I know not how it could be mended.*

Alex. *It is your favour to commend and accept of any thing, but pray excuse me, once more I desire it: if I had beene certaine of your honouring my house with your presence, I would have made better preparation for your entertainment.*

Clori. *Sir, I desire you rather to excuse my boldnesse, in putting you to so much trouble, you may perceive that I thinke my selfe welcome by my liberall feeding: I am*
no

no mincing Bride, whose thoughts of eating are tooke away with the conceite of the night following.

Alex. *I beseech you spare not, I am glad to see you so pleasant, and to increase your mirth, I will drinke to your health in wine, in hope you will pledge me.*

Clor. Sir, They say there is truth in wine, and if there be truth in wine, I will finde it out, let the health bee nere so deepe.

Alex. *Thanke you for doing mee this peece of justice: pray see if you can make a homely Dinner, otherwise I know not how to be excused for inviting you.*

Clori. Sir, To decline ceremony, you have most worthily feasted me, and honoured mee so much, that I must ever acknowledge your exceeding bountie and courtesie.



*Ceremonies at sitting downe at the Table.*

Alexander.

Gentlemen, Pray take your places, I know not how to direct you. But first let us wash.

Gentlemen.

Tray begin, for it is fit that we should follow you.

Alexander.

In this matter, Ceremonies are needlesse; but you will doe nothing without my example, and therefore I will begin.

Gentlemen.

Then in obedience to your desire, we will wash with you.

Alexander.

I beseech you Gentlemen, to save me a labour, and take your places.

Gentlemen.

Sir, Wee expect your sitting downe, and afterwards, we will not contend much for priority of place.

Alex.

Alexander.

Come, M. *Getting*, you are my old acquaintance, you shall favour me to sit here by me.

Gentleman.

By no meanes, that is not my place, heres a Gentleman deserves to be seated there.

Alexander.

Sir, I have designed you this place, pray let me rule so farre.

Gentleman.

Sir, I should bee loth to be too troublesome, and yet I would not presume before my betters.

Alexander.

Sir, You are too full of excuse, you may yeeld to take your due place, otherwise I should wrong you.

Gentleman.

Sir, I beseech you then to excuse me, and account it your fault, if I transgresse the bounds of manners, in assuming a place farre above my desert, and which is of right belonging to these other Gentlemen.

Alexander.

We might have spar'd this ceremony, for the appetite loves good dainties better than Complements. Now pray serve your selves,

you are kindly welcome.

Gentlemen.

Sir, *Wee will not put you to any trouble in helping us, we know that manners will allow us to make a dinner, we come to trespasse on you.*



The Feasters excuse to his friend, after dinner.

Alex. Sir, I desire you to excuse your meane fare, and slender entertainment, whereunto I have presumed much to invite you; but I hope our ancient acquaintance, and your owne good nature will procure me a pardon, in that I have done this only to enjoy your company and society, for your good discourse is to me a feast, farre exceeding any fare that I could provide for you.

Friend, *Your reall kindnes hath bin such and so unexpected, that I cannot give you sufficient thanks for your courtesie and kinde entertainment: all that I can render, is to promise, that I will snatch an opportunity to expresse my gratitude.*

Alex. You have honoured me enough, in
your

your acceptance of my good will. But it is not good to stir suddenly after dinner. Let's talke, you are conversant abroad, what newes doe you heare?

Friend, Pardon me, Sir, the World runs about mee while I stand unmov'd, never marking the motion thereof, and therefore I am altogether ignorant in Novelties, it may be you heare more.

A. Indeed Sir, I have so many affaires, that I can enquire after none, I thought you could have given us some good intelligence.

Friend. Sir, I desire you to excuse me, for I hold it a fruitlesse employment, but yet to satisfie your request, if I knew any fresh newes, that were not yet in print, I will be bold to tell you somewhat, since you desire it.

A. I will not importune you any farther, but desire your pardon, that I should impose on you the office of a Taleteller: excuse my intent therein, since what I desire, was to passe away the time while we sit: but now, if you please, we will rise.

Friend. Sir, Then I must really thanke you, you have made me bold with you, I will accompany you a while to the fire, and then take my leave.



To offer service to a young Maid.

AYM, Seeing you are alone, I would offer you to attend on you, if you would accept of my service.

Mayd. *It is more than I desire, or deserve; and it would appeare boldnesse in me to accept of a strangers company.*

It is not for me to accept all shewes and offers of kindnesse, I can but thanke you for your good will, I am not farre distant from my owne home.

Aym. *Pray let me beare you company, and by the way make me happie in some discourse, resolve mee one question; Were you never in love?*

Mayd. *Though it be no manners to answer one question, with demanding another; yet I will presume to aske you, If you were never in love?*

Aym. *Faire one, from thence springs my unhappinesse, I am too forward in these desires, I have beheld many beauties, but you have prevailed more than the rest, to conquer my affection;*

tion; and I must acknowledge, that in meeting you, I have met death, or life.

Mayd. Pray speake in plaine tearmes, I am ignorant of your meaning.

Aym. I desire you then to know and beleeve, that I am already farre in love with you, and I hope you will not scorne my suddaine motion, if I should desire you to reward my love with your favour; and by the way, let me entreate you, to thinke that heaven had appointed our strange accidentall meeting and gave mee boldnesse to petition your favour and affection, which I hope you will grant.

Mayd. Sir, I know not in this case how to give an answer, that may procure your content, but I desire you importune mee no farther, but grant me time to consider your motion, this is my Fathers house, whither, if please you to come hereafter, I will study to resolve you, howsoever you shall be welcome.

Aym. But before I lose your presence, which is my chiefe happinesse, let me tell you, that when you goe in, you beare away my heart with you, and I shall onely languish in sorrow, till I visit you againe.

Mayd. Pray, Sir, doe not hold me longer.

ger in discourse, there are many jealous eyes that doe watch an occasion to make me censured for maintaining with you such unusuall familiaritie; pray, as you tender my credit, leave me.

A. I must obey, honour me with an ordinary salutation, and I will vanish like a shadow, that will returne again to wait on you, who are the substance of my life.



To confer with a Widdow in an amorous wooing manner.

A Ym. I would entreate you (faire Widdow) not to discourage mee in my first sute, since your modesty and vertuous cariage in your Husbands life time, hath made mee bold to plead for affection; and to cherish a certaine hope, that I shall obtaine my desire.

Widdow. Sir, I would not have you imagine, that my love to my former Husband was written on a Table booke, the Letters whereof may bee soone wiped out againe; no, it was engraved upon my heart.

heart, and there doth remaine to informe mee that I ought not to wrong him with a second marriage.

Aymwell. Nay, Widdow, I must acknowledge you have a faire pretence to put mee off, with the remembrance of your said Husband, but will you alwayes punish your selfe, and fast from the joyes of marriage?

Wid. It is my full resolved purpose, and therefore let not any wanton opinion concerning me, give you hope of obtaining my love; Alas! Since his departure, I am dead unto the world, and doe but only live, to sigh, when I remember that I had so good a Husband.

Aym. His goodnesse is gone with him, but for my part, I will be your living active servant; come, come, put off grieve and false imaginati-
ons of honouring the dead, for if his soule were capable of any knowledge, concerning earthlie matters, it would rejoyce to see you happily married, and as hee gave you all contentment in his life time, so he would desire that you might bee supplied in the same kinde after his death.

Wid.

Wid. You speake unhappily, but pray be satisfied that I intend not to marry, yet I respect your good will, and other matters will remaine ready to requite your love.

Aym. For other matters I am satisfied, but your love is the mark whereat I aime, why should you thus strive to become a virgin againe, and forget the conceit of former pleasures, which are yet fresh in your remembrance; fie, fie, you doe not well to make your selfe so dull of apprehension, I am come to offer service in the right kind, and therefore you are very much too blame, to refuse the tender of my labour.

Widdow, You speake mysteries; but I desire if you love me, shew it in ceasing to prosecute your sute; for I must tell you plainly, it will prove fruitlesse, and of none effect.

Aymwell, I cannot beleeeve, but that I shall bee more fortunately happy to obtaine your favour; words are not alwaies the interpreters of the heart, and I am confident, for all this, that you love me.

Widdow, Perswade your selfe to it, but I shall never give you cause to thinke so, yet I will ever respect you, and be ready to doe you any usuall courtesie.

Aymwell, Well I thanke you that I have
so

so farre thrived in my Sute ; I hope hereafter to get deeper into your favour.

Wid. Your hope is built upon a false foundation, and had I knowne your intent, I would not have held discourse with you so long ; I must leave your company.

Aymwell, Let me rather take my leave of you, and seale a kisse upon your lippe untill I visit you again, for no mortall Widdow shall discourage me, but I will come again about that busines.

To excuse some offence to a Gentlewoman.

Aymwell, I must acknowledge I was somewhat too bold to enforce a kisse from you, in the presence of other friends ; but I pray excuse my passion, and let your mercy be shewed in pardoning, as my folly was in offending.

Pen. Sir, It was so great a trespasse, and so directly aym'd against my white fame and reputation, that no repentance can satisfie for a fault of that nature.

Aym. It cannot exceed the limits of forgiveness, or if your wrath cannot be otherwise satisfied, enjoyne me some penance, as
great

great as your anger, whereby I may recover your lost favour, and make it appeare, how sorry I am for committing so rash an offence.

Penelope: *Nay, you may enjoy that kisse violently tooke from mee before so many witnesses; but never any more.*

Aym. I must confesse it was my rashness; but if you will that I repay it back againe, I will give you interest for that one, and vow unto you, never to offend your patience in the like kind.

Penelope. *Well, since you are so willing to repent, and to shew unfained sorrow, I must needs accept them for present satisfaction, desiring you hereafter to be more carefull of my credit, and never againe to make so bold an offer.*

Aym. You have charmed mee to obedience, since your words are a law, which I dare not transgresse, for I am in all things, your obedient servant.

The



The Lovers farewell.

Leonora.

A Las ! Sir, is this the houre then, when the fevere rigour of your absence must eclipse my dayes of their bright beames ? Oh how this sad newes doth fire my spirits ! and not without reason, since you to whom I had wholly consecrated my selfe, will not deigne a mercifull eye on my sufferings for your absence.

Florestan. Mistris, Feare not, but rest assured, that so long as life will give mee leave to enjoy the Suns brightnesse, never shall any other have power over me ; doe me onely the favour, that having given you these new assurances of my fidelity, you will bee pleased to render mee some reall promises of yours. Besides, I protest to you, Lady, I will never acknowledge any other light then yours, no more than the Earth doth other then the Suns.

Leon. Sir, They are no false promises that I have made you, but true assurances,
drawne

drawne from my heart by the force of my passion. And know, that all things here beneath shall sooner change their naturall inclinations, then in me shall be seene any alteration from the resolution I have made to love you : heaven it selfe shall be my witnes.

Florestan : If Mistris, you love mee thus, let your minde bee confident of an equall troth from mee ; and should you doubt of my affections, I will give you my soule for pledge, and my heart for sacrifice, to shew you that my words are unfained, I pray you therefore accept of this small gift, not as a thing worthie of merit, but onely as a sufficient testimony of my good will, fidelity, and faithfull love towards you ; and being a thing so small and unworthy of you, it will therefore be the more commendable in you to accept of it.

Leonora. Sir, I give you infinite thanks, and withall doe beseech you also to receive this in requitall, for a remembrance of me, which is of small value, but be mov'd to take it in good part from her, who from henceforth, shall not live but through your sole remembrance.

Flor. Thanks to you, sweetest, the gift truly is pleasing to me, but the giver much more.

Leoner.

Leoner. But, Sir, Is there no meanes to stay you for a little time, that I might enjoy your presence, which stands me in stead of light and life, therefore your absence will envelope me with darknesse, and bring upon mee (poore soule that I am) a thousand grievous deaths.

Florest. Mistris, I hope, not so, for I am constrained through necessitie of my businesse to depart hence.

Leon. Oh, I see now too well, that that constancy of yours, which I trusted to for remedy of my troubled thoughts, is vanished, to give present vent to my plaints, which you shall receive with my sighs and teares for true and burning testimonies of the sorrow I have to see my selfe about to be forsaken by him, by whom only I breath.

Flor. Mistris, I sweare to you, my heart is alike touch'd with such strokes for this our parting, that I can hardly breath for grieve of it, and doe already see I have lost my eye sight, in the losse of the sight of your Star-like beautie. For sure I am, that once absent from your luminous aspect, each pleasure will be to me a subject, of grieve and sorrow. However, since it will now be no otherwise, I shall so part with
you

you, as that my will shall never depart from your service. Therefore farewell, deare Mistris, live still happie and content whilst I languish, unhappie though constant: let not that my remotenesse alter your mind, no more than it shall shake the resolution I have long since made to live and die yours; for, for mine owne part, I shall not thinke my selfe absent from you, so long as I shall keep a room in your heart and memory.

Leo. Farewell, Sir, you possesse my soule; and I doe even leave it in your power conserving it for a more happie season then this of parting: in the meane space, have pittie on all the bloody griefes which the meere apprehension of your absence makes me already feel so vehemently, for I think it very strange to leave him, whose company is dearer to me then my life. But to make an end of this discourse; I do beseech you, Sir, and even conjure you, by the sweetnes of that love I have borne you, and will all my life long devote to you, for my cruell feares, to write often to mee, during the unhappie time of your absence: for in reading your Letters, I shall perswade my selfe that I am not wholly deprived of you.

F. I vow to you, Mistris, I will give you so
many

many Letters, for confirmation of my loyaltie, and the love I beare you, that you shall have no cause to distrust. And so I pray God to make you the happiest alive; even as hee hath made you the fairest, & most accomplished: & that he also give you the grace, to conserve me in your most desired favour, that I may be able continually to witnesse, how violent my affection is towards you.

L. Heaven grant you may be as faithfull to me, as I am to you; and give you as much quiet and contentment, as you take from me. But what should I say more? I must cease remembring you of the force and heate of my affection, and entreat you to pitie my martyrdom, and that wheresoever you are, you will bee mindfull of me. And so once more, I pray God grant you such prosperities, that your fortunes may parallel your perfections.

F. Rest assured, sweet Mistris, to bee beloved, though not equall to your merit, to whose height it is impossible my affection can raise it selfe.

Quest.



Questions with their answers resolving
the doubts of Lovers.

Quest. *What is Love?*

Answ. It is the receptacle of pensive
minde, a passion that binds the spirits.

Quest. *What is the greatest recompence a
woman can make a man?*

Answ. To reveale to him her secrets, and
make him Lord over her body.

Quest. *How must a man behave himselfe a-
mongst Ladies?*

Answ. He must be bold and hardy.

Quest. *Why is Love painted blinde?*

Answ. Because the actions of love can-
not be hid or dissembled.

Quest. *Why be the secrets of Love so easily
kept?*

Answ. For the great sweetnesse men find
in them.

Quest. *Who is most secret in the sports of
Love?*

Answ. Women, since it so neerely touches
their modesty.

Quest.

Quest. *What is the meat of perfect Lovers ?*

Answ. Sighes and teares.

Quest. *Why have old men the repulse of young Women ?*

Answ. Because they have not wherewith to ease them of their griefe.

Quest. *Why doe Lovers wax pale ?*

Answ. From the passions of the mind.

Quest. *Why doe they picture Cupid with wings ?*

Answ. Because the desires of Lovers doe tend alwayes to high things.

Quest. *Why do Lovers write amorous sonnets one to another in Rime ?*

Answ. Because Poetrie is the friend of Love.

Quest. *Why do women love them most dearly that had their maiden heads ?*

Answ. Because by the conjunction of the men they gaine perfection.

Quest. *Wherefore are amorous women more ticklish then others.*

Answ. Because their skins are most loose, soft and delicate.

Quest. *How cometh it to passe that women newly married the first night are so loth to goe to bed, and rise the next day so lusty and joyfull.*

Answ.

Ans. It proceeds from the perfection of the man, which they having acquired to themselves, they then know they are women indeed.

Quest. Why doe men kisse the eyes of them they affect?

Ans. Because they were the first beginners of Love.

Quest. Why doe many love fervently, yet are not beloved againe?

Ans. By reason their complexions cannot agree.

Quest. Why should wee not place our loves on those that be so young?

Ans. Because they are so inconstant and ever more curious of new servants.

Quest. How comes it that hee that is soone taken with love doth soone forget it.

Ans. He is like one who rides a galop, and by and by, waxeth weary.

Quest. Why do men say that Love is a perfect musitian?

Ans. Because he tuneth the spirits that before had no agreement.

Quest. What is the greatest pleasure that a true lover can feele?

Ans. To thinke that he is borne to serve and please his Lady.

Quest.

Quest. Wherefore be all things more disposed to love in the spring time, then in any other seasons?

Answ. Because then the humours doe move themselves and the blood doth wax hot.

Quest. Wherefore are the Angers of Lovers of so little continuance?

Answ. Because they fall out for trifles.

Quest. Wherefore doe the Ancients paint Love with flowers in one hand and fish in another?

Answ. To shew that Love is Lord both of Sea and Land.

Quest. Why are men rather Amorous then women?

Answ. Because they are of hotter complexions, and their spirits are more quick and prompt.

Quest. Wherefore be all the joyes of Lovers uncertaine?

Answ. Because in Love are divers casualties, Iealousie, suspition, anger, peace, disdain.

Quest. Why is it that secret Love is more burning then that which is discovered?

Answ. Because in the one a fire doth con

same but in the other a friend doth give advice to quench the flames.

Quest. Whether is more constant in Love, the man or the Woman?

Answ. The man being both of body and spirit more firme.

Quest. Wherefore have Lovers feeble voyces?

Answ. Out of the feare they have to displease their Ladies.

Quest. Wherefore is it that a man being touched with Love cannot rid himselfe of that passion by any dexterity?

Answ. Because a certaine swcet motion doth transport him to the thing he desires, and with a certaine admiration winds him into the nets of Love.

Quest. Wherefore are Lovers for the most part ready to weep?

Answ. Because by nature they are facrefull, suspitious, Icalous and alwaies troubled.

Quest. Why be women so prone to yeeld to Love?

Answ. Because nature hath indued them with a delicate touch, with complexions hot and meyst, things most requisite for the recreations of *Venus*.



Complementall and Amorous P O E M S.

Encomions on the Beauty of his Mistresse.

FAirer then Ifacks Lover at the well,
 Brighter then inside Barkes of new hewen Cedar;
 Sweeter then flames of fire perfumed with Mirrhe,
 And comelier then The silver Clouds that dance,
 On Zephires wings be ore the King of heaven:
 Tis she doth teach those Torchés to burne bright,
 It seemes she hangs upon the cheeké of night;
 As a rich Jewell in the Ethiopes Eare,
 Beauty too rich for use, for Love more deare.
 So shoves a snowie Dove trooping with Crowes,
 As this my Mistris, ore her fellowes shoves.
 Since her whole bodyes frame hath power to have moved,
 The chaste Hippolitus her to have loved.
 In summe her parts are white as Milke,
 As smoothe as Ivory, and as soft as Silke.
 O who can her perfections tell
 In whom alone all graces dwell?

On her Haire.

HEr Haires reflex with red strakes paints the skies,
 Stars fall to fetch fresh Lustre from her eyes.
 Whilst that those golden threds play with her breath,
 Shewing lifes triumph in the map of death.

On her Lockes.

HEr lockes being plated like a fleece of wool,
Are full of sweets, as sweet of sweets is full.

On her forehead.

HEr statelv front was figured from above,
Majesticke faire well polisht high and pale,
Pure whire that dims the Lillies of the Vale.

On her face.

HEr face like Cinthiaes when in full she shineth,
And blushing to her Love mares bowres declineth.
Such brightnesse hath her Angels face,
Can make a sunne-shine in a shady place.

On the colour of her face.

Such colour hath her face, as when the Sun,
In Summer his first rising hath begun.

On her eye-browes and Cheeks.

EAch eye-brow hangs like Iris in the skies,
On either Cheeke a Rose and Lilly lyes.

Another

Another on her eye-browes and breath.

HEr bright Browes drive the sunne to clouds beneath,
Sweet morne and evening dew fals from her breath,

On her eye-Liddes.

FOr Arches betw^o heavenly Liddes,
Whose winks each bold attempt forbids,

On her eyes.

HEr eyes the contradictors of the night,
Like Marigolds, unsheath their glorious light.

Another on the same.

TWo Ietty sparkes where Cupid chastly hides,
His subtile shafts that from his quiver glides,
piercing the breasts of others yet they be
Vnhappy, since themselves they cannot see.

On her smiles.

HEr smiles so sweet and nice,
On earth doe make a heavenly Paradise.

On her Cheekes.

HEr Cheeks like ripened Lillyes steep'd in Wine,
Or gorgeous Clouds upon the finnes decline.

Another on the same.

HEr Cheeks with kindly Claret spread,
Aurora-like new out of bed.

On her Nose and breath.

HEr Eagles Nose is strait of stately frame,
Her breath is sweet perfume of holy flame.

On her Chin.

HEr Cristall chin like to the purest white
Is Loves pavilion, and the boyes delight.

On her Eares.

ON these meanders if you gaze,
You soone will tread a Lovers maze.

On her Lippes.

HEr lips like Roses over-washt with dew,
Doe by her breath their beauties still renew.

On

On her Lippes and Necke.

HEr Lips more red then Corall stone,
Her Necke's more white then aged swans that mone.
O who those ruddy lips can misse,
Which blessed still themselves doe kisse.

On her mouth.

Sweet mouth that sendest a musicke r. sied breath,
Whose every word darts me a living death.

On her mouth and teeth.

Within the compasse of this holow sweet,
Those orient rankes of silver Pearles doe meet.

On her breath.

She breathes forth flowers, she makes the springs,
Perfumes the aire and comforts every thing.

On her tongue and words.

HEr words doe fall like summer dewes on me,
Her tongue strikes musicke sweetest harmony.

On her teeth.

HEr lips nere part, but that they show,
Of precious pearle a double row.

On her Speech.

IN all her words such vertues couched be,
The learned thence fetch their philosophy.

On her voice.

A Voice which doth the thrushes shrillnesse staine,
And makes declining nature young againe.

On her Necke.

HER Neck is like an Ivory shining Tower,
Or like delight that doth it selfe deuoure.

On her Shoulders.

THese pearching squares with silver skin,
Doe passe the hate spot Ermelin.

On her Armes.

HER Twin-like armes, that stainelesse paire,
Fit for a Kings embraces are.

On her Hands.

HER azured vaines doe use to stray,
With pretty Cupids every way,
Movst pearle warme snow smooth Ivory,
Within these strange compactes doe lye.

On her fingers.

Long small made fit for Orpheus Lute,
Which made the savage tigers mute.

On

On her actions.

HEr deeds are like great clusters of ripe grapes,
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull Vine:
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely wine.

On her breasts.

HEr breasts those Ivory Globes circled with blew,
Save of their Lord no bearing yoke they knew.

On her Pappes.

HEr pappes are like faire Apples in their prime,
And from those sweets, Love suckes his summer time.

On her good thoughts.

HEr mindfull breast perfumes wih frankincense,
And sweetest odors every fainting sence.

On her waste and Ribbes.

EItly so named since it doth waste,
Mens lives untill it be embrac'd:
Her ribbes with white all armed be,
Compact with curious symmetric.

On her skin, and flesh.

HEr lovely skin is white like Curdes new prest,
And snowie flesh is soft as wooll new drest.

On her Navell.

HEr Love delights the wandring thought,
Whilst that mine eyes astray are brought:
Since Nature here would faine unite,
In curious circles busie sight.

On her bellie.

Most beauteous scale of Virgin wax,
Pittie tis still the impression lackes;
This place my sense with joy doth fill,
Since tis intitled Cupids hill:
From hence a seemely passage there doth flow,
To stranger pleasures that are plac'd below.

On her wombe.

HEr Maiden wombe the dwelling house of pleasure,
O blest is he may search that secret treasure.

On her thighs.

THese are the subjects that doe fit,
The Genius of an Ovids wit,
Whose hanches smooth as is the glasse,
The Albion clifles in whitenesse passe.

On her knees.

THese knots of joy and gems of Love,
With motion makes all graces move.

On the calves of her legges.

MArke well how faire the flesh doth rise,
In her brave calves like christall skies.

On the small of her legges.

View but her Atlas smallest small,
More white then whitest bone of all.

On her feet.

Her feet so short and slender little round,
On earth a finer paire cannot be found.

The conclusion.

THus every part impartes a grace,
And beauty dwels in every place.

Loves month.

May is not Loves month, May is full of flowers,
But dropping April, Love is full of showers.

Definition of Love.

Love is a friend, a fire, a heaven, a hell,
Where pleasure paine and sad repentance dwell.

Love will out.

The light of hidden fire it selfe discovers,
And love that is conceal'd berraies poore Lovers.

The parting of Lovers.

Lovers well wot what grieve it is to part,
When twixt two bodies liveth but one heart,
And Lovers say the heart hath double wrong,
When it is bard the assistance of the tongue.

The Inconstancy of Affections.

Love well is said to be, a life in death,
That laughs and weepes, and all but in one breath.

The quality of Love.

Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not grosse to sinke but light, and will aspire,

What Love is.

Love is a golden bubble full of dreames,
That waking breakes and fils us with extreames,

Lovers

Lovers delight to be alone.

Lovers best like to see themselves alone,
Or with their loves if needs they must have one.

Vowes of Lovers.

WE know not how to love, till love unblind us,
And vowes made ignorantly never bind us.

Impossibility of concealing Love.

THE sight of hidden fire it selfe discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betrayes poore lovers.

On one sick with Love.

VVhen Venus strikes with beauty to the quicke,
Few are the cares for such as are Love sicke.

The errors of Lovers.

ALL men doe erre because that men they be,
And men with beauty blinded cannot see.

What Love is.

LOve is a subtile influence,
Whose finall force still hangeth in suspence.

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Love admits of no contrary arguments.

Love hates all arguments disputing still,
For sence gainst reason with a sencelesse will,

What Love is.

Love is a blinded god, an angry Boy,
A slave to beauties will, a witlesse toy ;
A Ravening bird, a tyrant most unjust,
A private hell, a very Sea of lust,

Another definition of Love.

Love is a soure delight, a sugred grieve,
A breach of reasons Law, a secret Thiefe,
A living death, an ever dying life,
A Sea of teares, an everlasting strife :
A bait for fowles, A scourge of noble wits,
A deadly wound, a shot which ever hits,

The Effects of Love.

This is the least effect of Cupids dart,
To change the mind by wounding of the heart.

Cruelty of Love.

Love is not full of mercy as men say,
But deafe and cruell where he meantes to prey,

The

The parting of Lovers.

LOve goes to Love as schoole boyes from their books,
But love from love towards Schoole with heavie looks.

A Maxime.

TIs folly by our wisest worldlings proved,
If not to gaine by love to be beloved.

The Constancy of Lovers.

ONce learne to love, the lesson is but plaine,
And being learnt is never lost againe.

The Force of Love.

Were beauty under twenty lockes kept fast,
Yet love breakes through, and picks them all at last.

Of Musike and Love.

AS without breath no pipe doth move,
No musicke's kindly without Love.

Love finds an opportunity.

When Love hath knit two hearts in perfect unity,
They seldome faile to find an opportunity.

Offers

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Offers of Love not to be refused.

O Ccaſion's winged and ever flyeth faſt,
Comming ſhe ſmiles, and frownes once being paſt.

Patience of Lovers.

O Ne may indure, for when the paine is paſt,
Reward though long it ſtay yet comes at laſt.

Sorrowes of Lovers.

Sighes are the eaſe calamity affords,
Which ſerve for ſpeech when ſorrow wanteth words,

Teares of Lovers.

Seld ſpeaketh Love but ſighs his ſecret pains,
Teares are his truch men, words do make him tremble,
Yet womens teares fall when they moſt diſſemble,

On frozen affection.

T Here where the hearts Atturmy once is mute,
The Client breakes, As deſperate of his ſuite.

Of true and false Love.

T Rue Love's a Saint, ſo ſhall you true Love know,
False Love's a Scithian, yet a Saint in ſhow.

The perſeverance of a Lover.

Defire being Pilor and bright beauties prize,
Who can feare ſinking where ſuch treaſure lies?

The

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The beginnings of Love.

Faire beauty is the sparke of hot desire,
And sparkes in time will kindle to a fire.

On Lust.

Lust makes oblivion, beateth reason backe,
Forgetteth shames pure blush and honors wracke.

On Virginity.

The ripest Corne dies if it be not reapt,
Beauty alone is lost too early kept.

A cruell Mistris.

Nothing so ill becomes the faire,
As cruelty which yeelds unto no prayer.

On Coynesse.

A Way-ward beauty doth not fancy move,
A frowne forbids, a smile engendreth Love.

Another.

Faire words and power attractive beauty,
Brings men to wanton in subjective duty.

On

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On Iealousie.

VVHere Iealousie in basest minds doth dwell,
Tis metall Vulcans Cyclops sent from hell,

On pleasures.

Something must still be left to cheare our sinne;
And give a touch of what should not have bin;
And they that know but pleasures price,
Alks one, a prison or a Paradise.

On Chastity.

THe unstained vaile which Innocents adorne,
The ungatherd rose defended with the thorne.

Another on the same.

Penelope in spending chaste her dayes,
As worthy as Vlisses was of praise.

On the Court.

Thicher let Phoebus sons resort,
Where shines their Father but in Ioves great Court;

On her delaying mariage.

VVHere hearts be knit what helps if not to injoy;
Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy.

On Desires.

VVHat can be said that Lovers cannot say;
Desire can make a Doctor in a day.

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On Misfortunes.

THe man that still amidst misfortunes stands,
Is sorrowes slave and bound in lasting bands.

On fate.

They fall which trust to fortunes sickle wheele,
But staid by vertue men shall never reele.

On disdaine.

IN high disdaine Love is a base desire,
And Cupids flames doe seeme but watry fire.

On the Power of teares.

Teares tye the tongue of an accusers grudge,
And soft the rigor of the sternest Iudge,

On Musicke.

Musicke can hardly solace humane eares, (teares
When strings are broke, and eyes are fill'd with

On Continued grieve.

Drops pierce the flint, not by their force or strength,
But by oft falling weares it out at length.

On

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On Marriage.

MAides doe take more delight when they prepare,
And think of wives states then when wives they are,

On pleasures and griefes.

Pleasures like posting guests make but small stay,
Where griefes bide long and leave a score to pay,

On Youth.

Youth learns to change the course that he hath run,
When he perceives and knowes what age hath done,

On a modest faire one.

Beaucie's a beggar, fye it is too bad,
When in it selfe sufficiency is had,
It was not made to please the wandring eye,
But an attire to adorne sweet modesty:
If modesty and women once doe sever,
Farewell our fame, farewell our name for ever,

On his Will.

IT lies not in my power to love or hate,
For will in me is over-ruld by fate.

On the losse of Virginity.

Jewels being lost, we find againe, this never,
Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever,

On Women.

Let Wolves and beasts be cruell in their kinds,
But women meeke and have relenting minds.

On

On coy dames.

H Ate and disdain is painted in their eyes,
Deceit and treason in their bosome lyes.

Inconstancy of women.

T Hey melt with words as wax against the sunne,
So weake are many womens modesties,
That what sometimes they most would seeme to shield,
Another time poore soules unaskt they yeeld.

Another on the same.

W Omen have tongues of craft and hearts of guile,
They will, they will not, hell is in their smile.

On Lust.

L Vst never takes a joy in what is due,
But still leaves knowne delights to seeke out new.

On Virginity.

L Ike untun'd golden strings faire women are,
Which lying long untoucht will harshly jar.

Modesty of women.

T Hough men can cover crimes with their sterne looks,
Poore womens faces are their owne fault books.

On a womans teares.

A Womans teares are falling stars at night,
No sooner scene but quickly out of sight.

A Constant Woman.

Constant in Love who tryes a womans mind,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth find.

Passions of a Woman.

A Womans passions doth the fire resemble,
Never alike, they sinne if they dissemble.

On the finding of Beauty.

THe fairest flowers of beauty fades away,
Like the fresh Lillie in the sunne-shine day.

Another on the same.

Faire flowers that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

On the power of Beauty.

THe Libian Lions loose their sternest might,
If of a beauteous face they once get sight.

Women envie one anothers Beauty.

It is a common rule, that women never
Love beauty in their Sexe, but envie it ever.

On a Beauty cloisterd up.

THings much retaind doe make us most desire them,
And beauties seldome scene make us admire them.

On Beauty in meane attire.

IT is decreed that features shall content,
And that true beauty needs no ornament.

On Beauty not injoyed.

NEver were Cheekes of Roses, lockes of Amber,
Ordain'd to live imprisoned in a Chamber.

Beauties for the Court.

IN vaine our friends from this doe us dehort,
For beauty will be where is most resort.

Beauties not to be confined.

Heaven made Beauty like her selfe to view,
Not to be lockt up in a smoakie mew,
A Rosie tainted feature is heavens gold,
Which all joy for to touch, all to be behold.

On the excellency and power of Beauty.

Beauty brings fancy to a dainty feast,
And makes a man that else would be a beast.

The effects of Beauty.

Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth winne,
It supplees rigor, and it lessens sinne.

*A wooing fit in verse.*

H E B, Much adoe I have god wot,
 I would love but thou wilt not.
 She, Reason, Sir, Men are not true,
H E, Why was any false to you,
 Sweetest I have lov'd thee long;
S H E, Yet Sir, Love should doe no wrong.
H E, Prethee sweer come kisse me then,
S H E, No Sir, Maides must kisse no men.
H E, I the Heavens for witnessse crave,
S H E, They will shine cleere, though you'r a knave.
H E, Never loved a truer youth,
S H E, Men doe not alwayes speake the truth,
H E By all those vowes that Lovers use,
S H E, Thus they protest yet doe abuse.
 And full off maides are deluded,
 When with kisses Love's concluded.

*A discourse of Love in verse.*

B E L, When will Love be voyd of feares?
T E L, When Icaolusie hath neither eyes nor cares.
B E L, When is Love most malecontent,
T E L, When Lovers range and beare their bowes unbent.
B E L, Tell me when Love is best fed,
T E L, When it hath suckt the sweet that ease hath bred.

B E L.

- BEL. When is lovers time ill spent,
 TEL. When Love doth earne yet takes no rent,
 BEL. When is time well spent in Love,
 TEL. When deeds ensue, and words worke Love,
 BEL. What calst thou Love, I prethee tell,
 TEL. It is a fountaine and that well,
 Where pleasure and repentance dwell.
 It is a worke on holy day,
 It is December match'd with May.
 BEL. I prethee faire one doe not faine.
 TEL. It is a sun-shine mixt with raine,
 It is a tooth-ach or like game :
 It is a yea, it is a Nay,
 A pretty kind of sporting fray,
 BEL. Come, come, Ile heare no more, away.

Another short wooing fit in verse.

- I. **S**weet soule to whom I vowed am a slave,
 Let me the injoyment of my wishes have.
 M. Sweet Sir, Let not a wretch that is so poore,
 Expect to hord up treasure for his store.
 I. Yet still take heed least thou thy selfe submit,
 M. To one that hath his wealth, but wants his wit.
 I. Prethee be silent, beauty takes in rent,
 M. But folly bought is worse then mony spent.
 I. Well for this once, Ile take thee as thou art,
 M. For richer for poorer agreed, mine owne sweet heart.

The feares and resolutions of two Lovers.

- D. **W**hat wouldst thou wish tell me deere lover,
 S. How I might but thy thoughts cover.
 D. If my firme Love, I were denying,
 Tell me with sighes, wouldst thou be dying?
 S. Those words in jeast to heare thee speaking,
 For very grieve this heart is breaking.
 D. Yet wouldst thou change ? I prethee tell me,
 In seeing one that did excell me ?

- S. O no, for how can I aspire,
To more than to my owne desire:
This my mishap doth chiefly grieve me,
Though I do swear't, you' not believe me.
- D. Imagine that thou dost not love me,
But some beauty that's above me.
- S. To such a thing sweet doe not will me,
The naming of the same will kill me.
- D. Forgive me faire one, Love hath feares,
- S. I doe forgive, wicnesse these teares.



The wooing of a coy Dame.

- R. **T**He cause my sweet thou dost deny,
M. Because thou dost not please my eye.
- R. Thy reason why to me impart,
M. Thou dost offend and grieve my heart.
- R. There is no heart so fierce and hard,
M. Nor person of so small regard.
- R. The reason, doth thy Love controule,
M. Thou dost torment my very soule.
- R. O Remedy my loving smart,
M. Ile keepe such danger from my heart.
- R. Why dost thou thus thy beauty keepe?
M. It will destroy it, Sir, to weepe.
- R. My passions dost thou mocke at too?
M. Farewell Sir, without more t. doe.



*A contention betweene a Wife, a Widow,
and a Maide.*

Wife, If to be borne a maid be such a grace,
So was I borne, and grac'd by nature too ;
But seeking more perfection to embrace,
I did become a Wife, as others doe.

W I D. And if the Maid and Wife such honour have,
I have bin both, and hold a th. rd degree,
Most maids are wards, and every Wife a slave ;
I have my livery su'd, and I am free.

M A I D, That is the fault that you have maidens beene,
And were not constant to continue so,
The fals of Angels did encrease their sin ;
In that they did so pure a state forgoe.

W I F. Why marriage is an honourable state,

W I D. And widdow-hood is a reverend degree ;

M A I D, But maiden-head that will admit no mate,
Like majesty it selfe must sacred be.

W I F E, The wife is mistris of her family,

W I D. Much more the Widdow, for she rules alone ;

M A I D, But Mistris of my own desires am I :

When you rule others wils, and not your own.

W I F E, Only the Wife enjoyes the vertuous pleasure,

W I D. The Widdow can abstaine from pleasures knowne,

M A I D. But the uncorrupted maid preserves such measure
As being by pleasures wo'd she cares for none.

W I F E, The Wife is as a Diamond richly set,

M A I D, The mayd unset, doth yet more rich appeare ;

W I D. The Widdow a Jewel in the Cabinet.

Which though not worne is still esteem'd as deare,

W I F E, The wife doth Love and is beloved againe,

W I D. The Widdow is awakt out of that dreame,

M A I D, The maids white mind hath never such a staine.

No passion troubles her cleare vertues stream,
W I D. Then what's a Virgin? but a fruitlesse bay,
M A I D. And what's a Widdow? But a roselesse bryer,
 And what are wives, but wood-bindes which decay,
 Yea stately Oakes, which by themselves aspire.
W I D. Wives are as birds in golden cages kept,
W I F E, Yet in those Cages chearefully they sing,
W I D. Widdowes are birds out of those Cages lept.
 Whose joyfull notes makes all the Forrest ring.
M A I D. But Maids are birds amidst the Woods secure,
 Which never hand could touch nor yet could take,
 Nor whistle could deceive, nor baite allure,
 But free unto themselves doe musicke make.
W I F E, The Wife is as a Turtle with her mate,
W I D. The widdow as the widdow dove alone,
 Whose truth shines most in her forsaken state.
M A I D, The maid a Phenix. and is still but one.
W I F E The wife's a soule unto her bodytyed,
W I D. The widdow a soule departed into blisse,
M A I D. The mayd an Angell which was stellified,
 And now to as faire a house descended is.
W I F E, Wives are faire houses kept and furnisht well,
W I D. Widdowes old Castles void, but full of state.
M. But maidos are temples where the gods doe dwell.
W I F E, An office well supplied is like a wife,
W I D. The widdow like a gainfull office voyd,
M A I D, But maids are like contentment in this life.
 Which all the world hath sought but none injoy'd.
M A I D, Goe wife to Dunmow, and demand thy hire
W I D. Goe gentle mayd, and lead the apes in hell,
W I F E, Goe widdow make some yonger brother rich.
 And then take thought, and dye, and all is well.
W I F E, Alas poore maid, thou hast no helpe nor stay,
W I D. Alas poore wife that nothing dost possesse,
M A I D, Alas poore widdow, charity doth say,
 Pitye the widdow and the father-lesse.
W I F E, We wives have children, what a joy is this?
W I D. Widdowes have children too, but maids have none,
M A I D. No more have Angels, yet they have more blisse.
 Then every yet to mortall earth was knowne.
W I F E, The wife is like a faire manured field,

W I D.

- W I D. The widdow once was such, but now doth rest,
 M. The maid like Paradise undrest until'd,
 Beares crops of native vertue in her brest.
 W. Who would not dye a wife as Lucrece did,
 W I D. Or live a widdow as Penelope,
 M A I D. Or be a mayd, and so be stellified,
 As all the virtues and the graces be.
 W. Wives are like Apples serv'd in golden dishes,
 W I D. Widdowes good wine which time makes better much.
 M. But maids are grapes desir'd by many wishes.
 But that they grow so high as none can touch.
 W. I have a daughter equals you my girl.
 M. The daughter doth excell the mother then,
 As pearles are better than the mother of pearle.
 Maydes lose their value when they match with men.
 A maids the perfect'st of created things,
 The purest gold that suffers no Allay,
 The sweetest flower that on earths bosome springs,
 The pearle unbor'd, whose price, no price can pay,
 The Christall glasse that will no venome hold,
 The mirror wherein Angels love to looke.
 Dianæs bathing fountaine cleare and cold.
 Beauties fresh rose, and vertues living booke.
 W. Maids cannot judge because they cannot tell,
 What comforts and what joves in marriage be.
 M. Yes, yes, though blessed Saints in heaven doe dwell,
 They doe the soules in Purgatory see.
 W. There never was a wife that like't her lot,
 W I D. Nor widdow but was clad in mourning weeds,
 M. Doe what you will, marry, or marry not,
 both this estate, and that repentance breeds.

A Lover and his Mistress.

LOver, whilst thou didst love me, and that neck of thine
More white and soft then Roses silver downe,
Did weare a neck lace of no armes but mine;
I envied not the King of Spaine his Crowne.

MIST. Whilst of thy heart, I was sole Sovereigne,
And thou didst sing none but my beauties praise;
Which now poore Maid thou dost so much disdain;
I envied not the Queene of Englands fame.

L O V. What though I sue to thee again for grace;
And sing thy praises sweeter than before,
If I within my heart imprint thy face,
Wilt thou love me againe, and love me more ?

MIST. Thou shalt be then againe my morning Star,
Though lighter yet then floring Cork thou be ;
And then the Irish Sea more angry far :
With thee 'll I wish to live and die with thee.

A Lovers discourse with his heart.

L. C. Hee's cold, thou hot, how can we then agree,

H. **N**ot nature now, but Love doth governe me.

L. What if her heart be hard, She stop her cares,

H Ile sigh aloud, and make it soft with teares.

L Why then despaire, goe pack thee hence away,

H. I live in hope to have a happie day.

A

*A Discourse betweene a Lover,
Death, and Cupid.*

- L. Come gentle death. D. who calls? L. ones oppress,
D. What is thy will? L. that thou abridge my woe;
By cutting off my life: D: cease thy request;
I cannot kill thee yet, L: Alas, Why so?
D. Thou wantst thy heart. L: Who stole that same away?
D. Love whom thou serv'st, L: Entreat him if thou may.
L. Come Cupid, come. C: Who calleth me so oft,
L. Thy Vassall true whom thou shouldst know by right,
C. What makes thy cry so faint? L: My voice is soft.
Quite broke and spent, with crying day and night,
C. What then, What's thy request? L: that thou restore,
To me my heart and steale the same no more.
And thou O death, when I possesse my heart,
Dispatch me then at once. D: Alas, Why so?
L. By promise thou art bound to end my smart.
D. But if thy heart returne, then what's thy woe?
L. That brought from frost, it never will desire,
To rest with me that am more hot then fire.

Vpon a scarfe presented.

T Akethis scarfe, bind Cupid hand and foot,
So love must aske you leave before he shoot,

Vpon a paire of Sissers presented.

THese Sissers doe your house-wifery bewray,
You love to worke though you are borne to play.

Vpon a looking-glasse presented.

BLind fortune doth not see how faire you be,
But gives a glasse that you your selfe may see.

Vpon a Fanne presented.

You loue to see, and yet to be unseene;
Take then this Fanne, to be your beauties skreene.

On a plaine gold Ring presented.

Fortune doth lend you, hap it well or ill,
This plaine gold Ring to wed you to your will.

Vpon a paire of Bracelets presented.

Lady, your hands are fallen into a snare,
For Cupids manacles these Bracelets are.

Comple-



Complementall and amorous Letters.

A Letter to renew affection.

Although I am assur'd I cannot dye,
In your remembrance. yet I feare least I
Am like a picture veiled from the light,
And so can yeeld no pleasure to the sight.
Letters are Cupids Bellows that doe blow,
Lovers affections, untill they doe grow
Into a flame, these doe let Lovers find,
The absent bodies pleasures by the mind.
O let me then within your thoughts revive,
And though we are farre distant let us strive :
To meet in soule, Let love convey me to you,
But in a dreame, that I may set and woe you.
Till I doe meet againe by fates direction.
With you the Mistris of my hearts affection,



A Letter to perswade one to be Constant.

Constant Love and vertue are,
In their qualities alike,
Both in darkest nights shine faire,
Like to stars which shoot and strike,
Through the skies so love will be,
Most knowne in sad adversity.

H 5

Therefore

Therefore Love, keepe still one minde,
 Instruct the world how to Love,
 Though nature doth new changes find,
 Like a center never move,
 But while misfortunes doe turne round;
 About thee, be thou constant found.
 Love is like a sacred flame,
 Which quench'd, can hardly be renew'd,
 But is evermore the same,
 Then let constancy be shew'd,
 Virtue sets upon a square,
 And constant friends still constant are.
 Remember all our oathes and vowes,
 The bond which I on thy lips sealed,
 Heaven no perjury allowes.
 False hearts shall be at length revealed,
 Though place and time our hearts divide,
 They in a true Loves knot are tide.



*A Letter to a Maid from one that
expected no portion.*

IT is your beauty fairest, not the wealth,
 Your father meanes to give you but your selfe,
 That I doe court, you have a stock of beauty,
 Which doth exact from me most humble duty.
 You have a smiling eye, whose every beame,
 Excels the glistring sands of Tagus streame.
 You have a moyst smooth tempting cherry lip,
 From whence great Love himselfe may nectar sip,
 Such a fresh colour in your Cheeke is spread,
 That Roses blush for anger and looke dead,
 To see themselves excel'd, while Lillies grow,
 High colour'd, to thinke nature should bestow
 Such beauties on you, with which to compare,
 Floraes bright lustres but eclipsed are.

Since

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Since thy faire cheekes are but by them set forth,
This pale that blushing at thy admired worth.
A brow so high, so faire, thence day doth break,
When you doe wake, and when you please to speake,
The spheres stand still listning to heare,
Thy voyces harmony so sweet, so cleare,
That they doe mend, their tunes thereby,
To beare with thee a Sympathy.
Let wretched misers then their treasures lock,
Within their chests, I love thee in thy smocke.
Nay wert thou wrapt but in a linnen blanket,
Thy naked selfe could all my senses banquet.
Which to confirme, let but thy love be mine,
Heres heart and hand to witnesse, I am thine.



A Letter to excuse the not visiting a friend at ones departure out of Towne.

MY businesse doth ascribe this forc'd neglect,
Of visit, not to want of due respect.
But to the violence of my affaires,
That doe transport me hence to meet with cares,
And make me most unfortunate to be,
Deprived of your happy company.
But in my absence think I doe remaine,
Your servant till I doe returne againe.

Yours, I. G.



To a Sweet heart farre absent in the Country.

THe Country now is happier then the Citie,
 Injoying thy sweet face which is so pretty,
 That Hobnaie fellowes staring doe gaze on thee,
 As if thou wert some new come dietie,
 Me thinks I see thee looke beneath a hat,
 Most sweet and lovely, and thou askest what,
 In market is the price of this and that,
 Then tripping home thou steppest ore each stile,
 Which makes my fancy in conceit to smile,
 O stile thinke I; thou wert in happy case,
 If thou hadst my eyes, or I had thy place,
 Then comming home purst off thy cloathes againe,
 And mak'st thy bed most happy to containe,
 Thy pretty limbes and then I wish to be,
 Your bed-fellow to beare you Company,
 Farewell my dearest sweet heart, loveliest Lasse,
 That dost in features, Ladyes far surpasse.



A Complementall Letter sent to a Lady.

MAdam since that you are both great and good,
 More noble by your vertues then your bloud,
 Whose titles only are the badge and seale,
 Of the soules worth, which actions best reveale.
 Pardon the high ambition of my love,
 That scorning meaner objects, or to move
 In an inferior Orbe, below that Sphere,
 Where faire resplendent Venus shineth cleare.

Doth

Doth thus advance, and raise it selfe to find
 Beauty and vertue both in one conjoyn'd,
 And since that my affection stands thus faire,
 Built on a noble ground and on the square
 Of vertue, this alone implies, I am
 No dung-hill borne, but a true Gentleman,
 For never can a narrow mind possesse,
 With the opinion that low thoughts are best,
 And easie in obtaining, hope to mount,
 His love to any object of account.
 Man doth not frame his owne mind, nor compose,
 Those soft affections which from beauty flowes.
 Love hath no golden arrow but the beames,
 Shot from your eyes, the which the fond boy meanes
 To shoot at Rovers, and since it chanceth that I,
 stood in the way, whilst that his shafts did flye,
 Sweet Lady look upon my wounded heart,
 For Ladies heretofore by physickes art,
 Did heale those pilgrims whom religion drew,
 To take great Iourneys, holy Saints to view;
 This superstition made the world a baby,
 But I am confident in you faire Lady:
 That you can heare my prayers, and also cure,
 The wound of love, whose torture I endure.
 Then since that you can heare my just complaint,
 Ile be a pilgrime to no other Saint.



A Letter to a Gentlewoman on a Sigh.

FAirest you desire to know
 Why I so often sigh, Hi, Ho,
 It is not to coole loves fire,
 Every sigh doth raise it higher,
 Nor is it to blow my flame,
 Thereby to encrease my paine,
 But to shew the reason better,
 In my sigh marke every letter.

The

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The first H. stands for your hard heart,
The I, stands for your eye my smart.
The other H. my heart doth show,
The O, the vowell is your no.
Thus your hard heart and beauteous eye,
And no, which doth my sute deny,
Are the cause why I doe breake
My heart with sighs which only speake
In a language knowne to me,
Thus interpreted to be.
And now you know the reason why,
I doe so often Hi, Ho, cry.



A Letter to excuse the abrupt taking of a kisse.

IF that I did offend and doe amisse,
In forcing from you a constrained kisse;
Pardon my Love, that thus did think to plead,
And in behalfe of me to intercede.
Wh'ch if it hath offended, at the bar
Of mercy kisses to be pardoned are.
Fairest with others, let your creature sue,
Entreat and beg, that you would mercy shew,
And whilst my kisses beg, happy were I,
If I might but so rich a beggar dyc.



A Letter to request a Courtesie.

THe knowledge of your vertue makes me bold,
Vpon your favour, and thus to enfold
My owne desires, in hope you will be free,
In granting of an honest courtesie.

Since

Since a request which is made to a friend,
Should have a just aime at a noble end.
Such is my suit, for I should blush to owne
A thought which being to my friend made knowne,
Should move his anger, therefore let me find
A true expression of your generous mind
Adding this curtesie to many more,
Till backe againe, I can the like restore.



*A Letter to a beautifull Gentlewoman,
that was resolved to live and
dye a Maid.*

ARe you so young, so handsome and so pretty,
And yet resolve to dye a maid ? tis pittie,
Nature did give you beauty not to show,
Vnto the world, but that you might bestow,
It on some others, and raise up your like,
Hath Cupid not one arrow left to strike
Your gentle bosome, or else will you dwell,
Within a Nunnery, or a Hermites cell?
And therefor want of natures recreation,
Commit sin, by a wanton speculation?
Looke on the Pelican, and Turtle Dove,
They both are milde and chaste, yet both doe Love.
Looke on the Eglantine and wood-bind tree,
Circling the Elme - and such a maid should be.
Who should with sweet-embraces gently wind,
About her Lover, while he proves as kind.
And doth fast hold her in his loving armes,
Whilst true affection both their soft hearts warms.
Then doe not prove an enemy to nature,
But place your Love on me, divinest creature,
That being come into the pleasant fields,
Of Love, may reape the harvest that love yeelds.

For

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For if to love you live not, you are dead,
Then live and love and loose your mayden head.



A Letter to a Gentlewoman in excuse of long absence.

MY unkind fate deserveth blame, not I,
In rbbing me of your blest company,
And thus my thoughts seeme to suggest and say,
Write not to me, but come your selfe away.
O could you fancy by imagination,
The sorrow I sustaine in contemplation,
Of my long absence, how I sigh and groane,
And oftentimes doe play upon the dreane
Of a Tobacco-pipe, to refresh my wits,
When they are in sad discontented fits,
You would then pardon me who now doe live,
Forlorne in sorrow, and doe sigh, and grieve,
To thinke on you, whose presence I desire,
And burne the more, the further from the fire,
As flowers in winter hide their drooping head,
And all their glory is quite vanished,
When the bright sunne withdraweth his warme light,
And leaves the world deprived of his sight,
So I like to a flower upon the stalke,
Wither, whilst I in discontent doe walke,
Wanting those beames of comfort which proceed
From your faire eyes, that doe both warme and feed,
My cold distressed heart, for how can I
But droope, deprived of your company?
I have no essence now, for I did hold,
My life from you, I gave away and sold
My selfe unto your service, still to be,
Your constant servant and your votary,
And though I must be absent some few houres,
Yet know deare love, my heart is sealed yours.

A

of Complements. 167

A Complementall Letter.

H Eaven blesse my Love in whose sweet favour,
I desire alone to thrive,
Let fickle mindes seeke change and waver,
To be constant I will strive,
Yours I am, and have no thought
That can reach beyond my Love,
But downe to you tis quickly brought,
From heaven below, to heaven above,
You are my heaven here of content,
Whither my thoughts doe aspire,
This life is but a kind of Banishment,
Till I enjoy my hearts desire.
Therefore before my winged soule hence flies,
Let this one comfort unto you be given,
That in the spheare of love our soules may meet,
And both together take their flight to heaven.

A maydes Letter fearing a growing shame.

B Lame not a Mayd, if she doth thus discover,
What she doth blush to tell, her faithlesse Lover.
I know I urge but an unhappy suite,
Who loves the tree when he hath got the fruit;
Yet thinke upon your vovves and false temptation,
Let former love move your commiseration,
This paper will not blush, whilst it doth tell,
That former pleasures now make sorrowes swell.
You have enough undone me, doe not be,
For too much kindnesse cruell unto me.

Thinke

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Thinke on the story of the Trojan Queene,
 In whom my picture may be lively seene.
 For when that she had made her selfe the feast,
 To entertaine Eneas her false guest,
 He hoisted up his sailes, and nere would view
 The Rovall Queene whom his unkindnesse flew.
 Poore silly mayd deceiv'd by your temptation,
 I was orecome, our stories have relation.
 I doe intreat you then if you would have
 Ahappy life, and find a quiet grave;
 That you would view me, not as in Loves bed,
 But in the Paradise of my maiden-head.
 And had I so continued, I had bin
 Preserv'd in Virgin purenesse, cleere from sin.
 Now like a weeping penitent, I come,
 In hope to move you to compassion.
 Restore the ruines of my maiden honor,
 And think thus with your selfe, shall I go from her,
 That was so kind to me that she would venture,
 On promis'd mariage, to seale loves indenture;
 O heare thy conscience that would thus informe thee,
 And for my loving folly, doe not scorne me.
 But let your Love be mutually exprest,
 In confidence whereof my rthoughts doe rest.



A Letter of thanks to a Gentlewoman for some favour received.

A L L is from your free mercy, for I know,
 All merites are cryed downe, as far below
 Your favours, which you doe most freely leave,
 With such as be unworthy to receive
 Such lively comforts, but therein I find,
 The true divinity of a worthy minde.
 That on the poorest and unworthiest spirit,
 Doth let fall blessings far beyond all merit.

And

of Complements. 169

And with this bounty, you excite and move,
My soule to wonder and admire your love,
Knowing not how to render thanks as due,
For such expressions, which so faire doe shew,
That the endeavour of my life will be,
Too meane requitals of your courtesie.
But yet I hope to prove no barren land,
Nor by ingratitude, a fruitlesse land.
That doth deceive the husbandmans desires,
And both his limbes, and expectation tyres.
But all my powers shall labor with much strength,
Of thankfulnessse, to pay your love at length,
And may I nere know comfort if I prove
Vngratefull to the merit of your love.



*To Mistris Penelope, Natures Master-
Peece, the lover expresse his flames
of affection,*

Wonder of beauty on whom I repose
Such hope of comfort, that I must disclose
To you my secret thoughts, and dare to name
My sufferings, how I martyr'd in the flame
Of your affection burne, Let not your scorne,
Increase my sorrowes, so to make me mourne.
Till love increase in strength, and doe blaze higher,
And my sad ashes, are consum'd with fire,
Which should not be, for I doe not alone
Doate on those beames which from your eyes are throwne,
Nor on your cheekes which are the nuptiall bed,
Where Roses are with Lillies muryed:
Nor on your lippes which closed seeme to smoocher
Their beauty, and doe only kisse each other,
These peeces of your beauty with a smile,
May seeme to build up a sweet funerall pile.

For

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For common Lovers, but my fancy tooke,
 Another course, for it doth dare to looke
 Into your loule, which crown'd with vertue sits,
 Govern'd by reason, not by passions fits,
 And weares a powerfull charme, that both inspires
 All hearts with holy thoughts and good desires,
 For vertue hidden from the common sight,
 Shines out in you, as glistering stars by night
 Peepe through a cloud, that all may gaze and see,
 Your glorious parts, cloath'd in mortality.
 So that I am afraid here to describe,
 Your sweet perfections, least they should be spy'd
 By Angels; who drest in some mortall shape,
 Would from the heavens make a swift escape.
 To Court you in a dreame, and so would stay,
 With you on earth, forgetfull of the way.
 Backe unto heaven, whilst that they did prove,
 Rivals to me, in seeking of your love.
 Therefore the flames of my affections are,
 Ingenuous, and not like the common snare
 Of Love, which is plac'd only in the bloud,
 For though I burne, my paine is understood
 By such a character, as may be given,
 Though it is a flame, it is deriv'd from heaven.
 Kindled from a small sparke, that here doth shine,
 On earth, and hath a nature that's divine.
 O Sweet Penelope thy beauties be
 But a faire abstract or epitome
 Of brightest lusters, or a streame that lead
 Me on, unto the purest fountaines head,
 Then let me burne still, with a flame most cleare,
 From sinfull dregges, so that my love appeare
 An imitation of divinest love,
 And if my flames too violent doe prove,
 This shall at last be my concluding prayer,
 Let heaven and Penelope both share
 Of my poore heart, which thus now burning lyes,
 Being her martyr, and heavens sacrifice.



*To Mistris E.B. Sent her with a
RING.*

Round is the world, and so is love,
No art can find out the beginning
Of circles, those on seas doe move,
Come round againe, by natures bringing,
And those that travell in loves ring,
From one point doe at first begin,
Of affection, and having found,
Love for love are then come round.
So this ring sent, shall be
Loves compasse, both to you and me,
By which we to saile may venture,
Till we meet both in one center.



*To a pretty witty scornesfull Gentlewoman be-
ing proud of her beauty, and after trou-
bled with the greene sicknesse.*

IF I were young as you are, I would prove,
A tyrant unto all, that sought my love,
To flout them, and to heare Narcissus cry,
Echo O Echo, for thy love I die,
And perish in the funtaine of thy face,
What art thou gon, and leav'st me in this case?
Ile walke away, and my sad story tell,
Vnto the Ghosts that in Elisium dwell.
Thus might I play the mad man but my deare
And fairest creature in whom dorth appeare
Glorious perfections, tell me would you have
Me dye for love, or weepe into my grave?

And

And give my body to the Wormes to eate,
 Their legacy, on one, is womans meate.
 O no, your knowledge will instruct you fuller,
 And tell you, that your owne cheek is growne duller
 Then it was usuall, death it seemes hath strooke,
 A palenesse in it, and away hath tooke
 The former beauty, which he did to be
 Revenged, for your scornefulnesse to me.
 Death sayes, that you this choise shall only have,
 Either to marry me, or else your grave.



*To a weeping Widdow, wishing her to Wipe
 away Teares, with the conceit of a
 second Husband.*

ENough of Teares, their date expires,
 Doe not three dayes raise fresh desires
 In you, or have you all sence lost,
 Is your blood turned to a frost?
 A widdowes grieve should alwaies be
 An out side of formality,
 Or like a herse cloth, that is laid,
 Vpon the Coffin, which conuaid
 Into the grave, the mourning blacke,
 Is folded up, and so sent backe.
 Your sorrow like the cloth laid on,
 The herse, should not be conuaid home
 With you, why should you vex your selfe,
 With fruitlesse sorrowes, can your wealth
 Or teares, which from your eyes doe raine,
 Call your late spouse to life againe?
 O would you doe him so much wrong,
 That he having gotten from the throng
 Of men, out of this world to be
 Blest with the Angels company;

Shoul

Should back againe returne to give
 Comfort to you, and here to live
 A second pilgrimage, would you wish,
 Him for you to leave heavens blisse
 Be comforted, and let not sorrow
 From your face such beauty borrow,
 But make it lovely, blaeke becomes,
 Only funerals and Nunnes.
 There is no musicke in the grave,
 Though one be lost, still you may have
 Another husband, and I am bold,
 To aske you, whether you can hold,
 A good opiuiou, of my Love,
 Which in these characters doth move
 As active, to give you content,
 You know sweet widdow, what is meant
 By active, you doe never blush,
 At words, nor yet once pish or tush,
 As maides doe use in modesty,
 Who will their owne desires deny.
 For Widdowes with a better apprehension,
 Should know, the secretst thoughts intention,
 Then faire one, if this letter woo you,
 Let it not be unwelcome to you.
 But when you doe rip up the Seale,
 And read what this sheet doth reveale
 Vnto your knowledge, let your bloud
 Informe you, that the lines are good,
 Touching quicke, and he that writ
 This Letter, doth your fancy fit.
 For letters unto widdowes sent,
 Should be like challenges full bent,
 To dare them from City or Court,
 To play a prize, at Cupids sport.
 But you will say that I doe Iest,
 And doe maintaine within my brest
 A wanton flame, I cannot mourne
 With you, nor yet with sorrow turne
 Like Niobe into a stone, but live
 I would that I might comfort give
 To you sweet widdow, then be content,
 To make me yours, sans complement.

To a young Mayd.

Come thou fairest master-peece,
 Of natures worke, her golden fleece,
 Let me injoy thee, flowers will fade,
 If not refresht, dye not a maid,
 Let us agree to appoint a day,
 To gather flowers, why should you stay
 So long a Virgin, what have you done,
 To nature and your selfe? a Nunne
 Deserves not beautie, it is a mate,
 Makes Cupids darling fortunate.
 Since youth and beauty then invite
 You thus to play, for your delight,
 Let loves tables opened be,
 Feare not, you are well match'd with me,
 Stake your maiden-head, you shall choose,
 Whether you will winne or loose,
 Or if you loose, I doe beleewe,
 You will not for your losse once grieve.

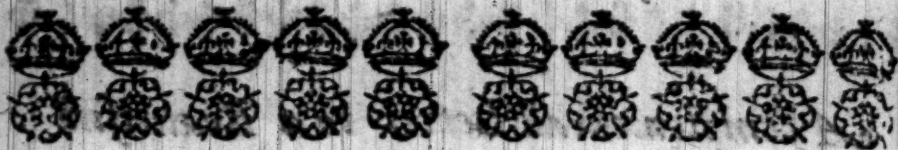
To a young Gentlewoman, that disdained her Lover

Once more I have presum'd to ease my grieve,
 With these sad lines, in hope of some reliefe,
 O wretched I, that suffer in the flame,
 Of love, yet dare not of my love complaine,
 Nor sighs nor teares, will I in this case use,
 Nor thee my love, will I at all accule,
 Since tis my cruell fate, that I must be
 Martyr'd with love, and only dye for thee.
 Yet let me aske one question, are they least
 Rewarded with true love, that doe love best,
 Or is it but in me, held an offence,
 To love you, since that the sweet influence,
 Of one faire smile from you, renews lifes flame,
 And one sad frowne, can put it out againe,
 Like a third sister? If you Love deny,
 You cut my thred of life, and I must dye.



*A complementall Letter to a Beautifull
young Gentlewoman.*

F Or me to prayse your beauty, would appeare
A flattery, for when the sunne shines cleare,
All doe admire his beames, even so your eyes,
Are like to stars, that shine in beauties skies,
And have a kind of influence below,
To make hearts all obedience to you show,
Your cheekes are Roses, and your haire is amber,
The odor of your breath perfumes your Chamber,
Your lips are like unto the respassè berry,
Or like unto a full ripe swelling cherry,
Your brow is Cupids bow, most sweetly bent,
From whence loves golden arrow still is sent,
Your breasts are like unto a paire of mountaines,
Not yet resolved into nectar fountaines,
Till love a pleasant moysture to them brings,
And raises up on them two happy springs,
But then below, there lies the happy vally,
Where young Adonis did with Venus dallie.
And to behold it seemed much ashamed,
He blusht, and so this vally is yet unnamed.
Yet howsoever it be not exprest,
Lovers have fancies, to conceive it best,
Thus I acknowledge you, divinest creature,
To be a modell of the sweetest feature.
Then since that nature hath adorn'd each part,
With such perfections, I doe hope your heart,
Is of so sweet a temper, to let fall
Pitty on him, who doth not know at all
The art of Complements, for Love is best,
When it is naked, with plaine words exprest,
Yet if you please to reckon me for one,
That am devoted in affection,
Vnto your service, I shall repute of this,
As earths chiefe happinesse and heavens blisse.



*Phrases, for the beginnings of Letters,
for our greater speede in our
urgent occasions.*

DEsiring to refresh the memory of your
good will.

I thanke you for the courtesie I received
at your hands.

I pray you honour me so much, as to beare
my Neece company.

Let mee request this courtesie at your
hands.

I must intreate you to have me excused.

I am wonderfully taken with the read-
ing of your Letters.

Sir, I am not ignorant of the affection you
beare to me.

There shall be nothing wanting in mee
who have beene alwayes tender of your ho-
nour.

Sir, I have well considered of your friend-
ship, and the worthy affection you beare
mee.

Sir

Sir, Let me advise you, not to let slip this opportunity.

Excuse me, if my haste force me to be too familiar with you.



*Phrases for the conclusions of Letters
in haste.*

VWherefore I pray you advise me, or give me counsell, since in all things you may dispose of me.

Wherefore be pleased to excuse me.

Wherefore I doe againe desire you.

I will employ all my power in it.

The best interest, or use which you shall have for the money you lent mee, is, that I will here confesse and subscribe my selfe, your, &c.

So as you will have a little patience, I will doe you reason, or, I will doe all that shall be fitting.

When you shall have need of my ware, or of any thing my shoppe affords, it is at your command, or service.

In any thing, wherein I shall have the
I 2 meanes

meanes to serue you, I will doe it with a very good will.

If you have need of mee, I pray you spare me not since I am alwayes yours.

If you thinke good, I pray you send for it, for it is at your command.

I shall acquit my selfe therein, as I should doe in my owne businesse.

You shall find me alwayes ready to obey you.

If you deale well with me now, you will give mee occasion to pleasure you another time.

If you send not the summe you owe mee, you will constraine mee to take some other course.

I pray you advise me in it.

I will ever doe it with all my heart :

I will not faile to aduertise you.

All that I have, it is at your command.

I will take the boldnesse to salute you, with my most humble recommends.

I shall doe it with as good a will, as I now recommend mee to your good favour, with my prayers to God, to give you even what your heart desireth.

Desiring God to give you the continuance

ance, and increase of all kinde of prosperity, with my prayers to God, to give you, with your perfect health, the accomplishment of your wishes.

Praying to God for your contentment. Even so I take my leave.

And so I rest or remaine for ever, evermore, alwaies, *Yours, &c.*



*The Garden-Knot of faire
and rare Letters of
Complement.*

An offer of service.

S*Ir*, These strokes of my hand, shall serve to intreat you to honour me with yours, and to confirme to you anew the purpose I have alwayes had in my soule, which is a perfect will to live faithfully, that I may die constant.

Another.

Sir, This my duty shall confirme the rest, which I desire to yeeld you by my service. With this request, that you hold mee still in your remembrance, as him that shall never affect other merit then that of obeying you, whereby to be by you esteemed,

*Sir, The most obedient of all
Your servants.*

Another upon the sending of a token.

SEE, Sir, I doe not forget you, witnesse this present, and a thousand more evidences, which I shall give you for security of my continued affection; and in all occasions, you shall finde me what I professe, that is,

Sir, Yours.

A Letter of request to entertaine a friend.

Sir, If I can tel how to crave of you, much better can I obey you : but for lacke of your commands, I make my prayers to you
and

and especially for this, to honour this friend of mine with your fauour; he shall be obliged, and bound to you; hee, as indifferent, and I, *Sir*, as

Your most affectionate Servant.

Another to the same effect.

Sir, **M**Y passionate desire to doe you service emboldens mee to take pen in hand, to beseech you to doe this friend of mine a fauour; the matter is but small, but the acknowledgment shall be great. I shall expect this courtesie of you, as you from me will looke for all manner of service, sith in very deed *Sir*, I am

Your most humble Servant.

A Letter for Answer to requests.

I Honour your requests too much to refuse them, much more your commands to refuse them; so that by obliging you, I content my selfe. I have therefore effected your will, which I account mine owne, with as much vehemence, as shall be requisite

sute for your service: for whilst I am any thing, Sir, I am,

Your Servant.

Another humble expression of ones selfe to a friend.

Sir, I am so destined to obey you, that I never had a more passionate desire in my soule for any thing, endeavour then to content me, by making use of my services, for they belong to you, and I bestow them on you; without reserving ought, but the honour of that employment, sith that will make mee still appeare, wheresoever I am, like my selfe, which is,

Your most humble, &c.

Another.

Sir, Your requests are effected, and by consequent, my desires accomplished; the one depending on the other: for the least of those things that may pleasure you, shall bee alwayes my contentment. Spare not then my services, that I may obey you; for should they bee unworthy of your command

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mands, remember at least, how they proceed, *Sir*, from

Your most humble Servitour.

A Letter of Excuse.

Sir, Though you were deprived of my Letters, you were not of my remembrance: but if the want of a good opportunity will excuse me, my good will must satisfy you. And indeed I had no newes to send you, *Sir*, save only, that I am alwayes

Yours.

To a sicke friend.

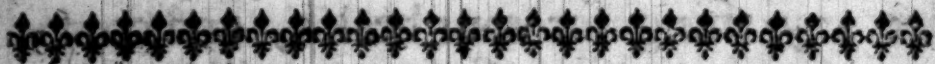
SIR, Being ascertained of your sicknesse, I was no more in doubt of mine owne harme, sith the least you feele, is to mee an extreame griefe. Now if my prayers can doe any thing for your health, and consequently, for my comfort, you will be soone well, and I content,

Sir, Who am, your most humble.

*A Letter to her Sweet heart.*

YOU binde mee and unbinde, pardon me fairest, if this word offend thee, when you tell mee you love mee, can I have any greater obligation? the offence is not small that you had not written to mee, but that you promised me, for I am indebted to your promise, and not to your loue: remember I beseech you that I am not yours, because I have promised you, but because I am truely yours, and that I desire not Letters for the conditions that are betweene us, but for the sole witnesse of your good will not welcomming them as merchandizes, but as being sent me from a wounded heart,

Thus I am thine, Farewell.

*A Letter from a quondam Mistris.*

SIr, since I am constrain'd by my fathers commands, I must intreate you to end that love which heretofore I conjured you
to

to keepe eternall. I am intended for an advancement, yet can I not leave sensibly to feele the separation of our loves, yet since it is folly to contrary that which must fall out otherwise, I counsell you to arme your selfe with strong resolutions, and so to forget all that hath past betweene us that you have no memory of mee, as I for duties sake am constrained to forget thee,

Being now not my owne.



His Answer.

GOe paper more happy then him that sends thee, accompanied with thy blots instead of teares kisse her hands, which having kist, since shee hath robbed mee of my heart, certifie her that day and night, I turne my selfe into streames of teares to wash away her unfaithfulness, tell her faithfull paper that by unbēding the bow she can never heale the wound which shee hath made in her faith, and my love, and that my griefes shall witnesse to the world that as shee is most faire, so she is most unconstant

to

to her Lover who can finde content in nothing but death, and therefore bids her for ever farewell.



A Letter to a Lord protesting Love.

SIR, I received your Letter and withall perused those undeserved commendations of my perfections as you call them, to which you annexed the protestations of your service, which you must give me leave to question, for I shall alwaies doubt whether so honorable a personage as your Lordship can yeeld service to so meane a Ladie, or if Love had such power, whether you would obey : now worthy *Sir*, upon these warrants and your free offers of service, I binde you by a courteous request to conclude a speedy peace, that I may without danger of hostility repaire to Dianaes temple, so shall I be bound to doe you any honourable favour, Farewell.

His



His short answer.

MY dearest, if the dissembling which you injoyne me to, be to cause me to dye of griefe, you may easily doe it with a frowne, and then my death will give you a speedy and deplorable demonstration how truly I have loved you, Farewell.



Her Answer.

IF there be any thing in you that pleases me, your death is the least: the acknowledgement of your fault hath satisfied me, and I will have no other revenge of your boldnesse then the miseries you suffer: know your selfe better hereafter,

Farewell, and live, cherish your
selfe and hope.

*A Letter on his Mistris in his absence.*

Fairest, I left thee with griefe, but am returned with pleasure and contentment, deny me not therefore thy presence, but let me see thee, that I may recount my fortunes to thee who art the fortune of my fortunes,
Farewell.

*A Letter protesting affection.*

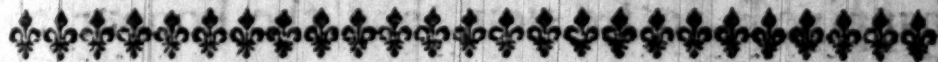
IF I have not alwaies loved you, let me never be beloved of any, if my affections doe ever change, let my present misfortunes never change, If you beleve not the oath I have made you, take what prooffe you will of mee, and you shall find that I am more yours, then I can assure you by my true, but most feeble words, Farewell.



To congratulate a friend.

Sir, I much rejoyce at the successe of your businesse, and even so, as if it had arrived to mee, I could not more celebrate it in my soule ; so much doe I tender your content : but this is but a duty, to the friendshippe I owe you ; and a necessity, to the zeale I have to your service, wherein I doe but oblige me to my selfe : meane while be it how it will, the same proceeds but from,

Sir, Your most humble.



A farewell to a friend going a necessary Voyage.

Sir, an irkesome necessity deprives me a long while from the honour of your presence (but not without griefe) for your conversation is so pleasing to me, that I have alwayes preferred it before all manner of delights. Iudge now therefore, if separated from

from you, I can live content : but for all that, I must suffer this harme, sith it is necessary for my good. Meane while, remember your selfe, that I shall never forget you, and where ever I be, will appeare as I am,

Sir, Yours.

Excuse.

Sir, If lawfull excuses exempt duty, I am absolved of the promises I have made you, through the importunity of affaires that have befallen mee : it grieves mee nevertheless, for not keeping my word with you, and that grieve, with my good will, may satisfie you, I shall shortly doe my selfe the happinesse to see you, and the honour to serve you,

Sir, Sith I am Yours, &c.

Of a new married man to his Brother in Law.

Sir, The honour of your alliance is so deare to you, that I shall never thinke me more happy, then when I shall deeme my selfe capable to deserve it. This duty will witnesse to you, how considerable you are
with

with mee, which at once hath given mee, with the desire to know you, the will to serve you, I have no other passion in my soule, nor other ambition in my designs: it is all I hope for, it is every thing I looke for, yea, with so much impatience as I have left off my liberty (after so sweet a servitude) to live faithfull, that I may dye constant

*Sir, The most humble of your
Servants.*



A Letter by way of protestation.

Sir, The honour of your friendship so obligeth me to make some worthy acknowledgment, that I am all full of will to serve you, and as full of default in the performance; I will therefore waite the time and occasion, wherein by your command I may signallize my obedience, which shall alwayes, and wheresoever I be, make mee appeare as I am,

Sir, That is, Your, &c.



Another of a friend obliged by favours.

S I R, you still delight in obliging such as are most beholding unto you; I am witness of it, and your courtesie is the triall: so that I am ashamed to be alwayes engaged, without so much as the hope ever to acknowledge the favour rightly. Nevertheless, if a fervent passion perfectly zealous for your service, can satisfie you in my defaults, accept of it, I beseech you, since it proceeds.

Sir, From your most humble, &c.



To complaine for some offence.

SIR, Your words offend much, and your deeds much more; I pitie them both; the one makes you seeme milde, and the other, rash; I thinke you are not the man to repent it: but he that does ill, is not absolved for being sorry for it, hee must doe penance

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nance for it. Looke to your owne matters therefore, that you may never talke of others. I take nothing in jest, when one pinches me. If you doubt it, there's my Name, which shall make good my words.

N.



A presentment of service,

M*istris*, It is long since, that too much discretion hath kept me from writing to you; and it may be too much boldnesse permits it me now: I pray you therefore pardon me, before you judge me guilty: that so I may bee rather absolved, then accused: for although I had no other purpose, then to tender you my service, as now I doe, with my faith to boote, for assurance of my fidelity: yet am I fearefull of too much undertaking: but howsoever, chastise me as you please. *Mistris*, Ther's my Name and Surname,

Your humble, and most affectionate

Servant.

Another



Another of Love.

M*istris*, Sith at the sole aspect of your eyes, my heart sighes for love, as taken with your wonders; I shall incessantly blesse the day of your acquaintance, and consequently of her that is the most perfectly faire on earth: and already resigning my will to yours, I will so passionately cherish my thraldome, that the feare alone of being free will make mee miserable. Make good my purpose then, Sweet, *Mistris*,
But alwayes in this qualitie, of your
most affectionate Servant.



Another.

M*istris*, When to admire you I staid mine eyes at your object, my heart insensiblie taken, bewailed her captivity; so as I found my selfe in love, before I had
fo

so much as the hope to be so. And yet I should not complaine; I rather will blesse the day that bereft mee of my liberty with the sole armes of your merits, without reserving any freedome to my selfe,

Mistris, other then the word to
speake me, Your servant.



Another.

L *Ady*, I have such an inclination to your love, that I must needs be destined for your service. Now if it be a fatall instinct in me, that my obeisance should waite upon the honour of your commands, is it not necessary for you,

Mistris, To believe me to be
your servant?



Another.

M *Istris*, If admiration have onely eyes for your beauty, and if *Cupid* be not blinde, but to eschew hurts from you, can I
have

have an heart without loving you, or a soule without adoring you? And can I be mortall, and not sensible of your charmes? Oh no, *Mistris*, I have too much honour, in being your Captive; and too much glory, in being your slave.



Another.

M*istris*, This instant letter will tell you I am your servant. If you aske me the cause: It is your merit, and the effect shall be my obedience, if you deeme mee as worthy of your commands, as you are of my services, I have a *Mistris* to my wish, and by consequence, am

Your Servitour, &c.



Another.

M*istris*, I am yours: for having nothing to offer you worthy of your merit, I bestow my selfe; but it is as your Captive and slave.

Ano-

Anotber.

SItth your eyes have wounded my heart,
the wound is mortall. If I must die, it
shall be for love. Happy death, happy cause !
I will have no remedy, for my heart is too
noble to crave a cure. Confesse onely you
have vanquished me, and I shall confesse my
defeate, being it proceeds from the most
perfect creature on earth.

A Letter of a despairing Lover.

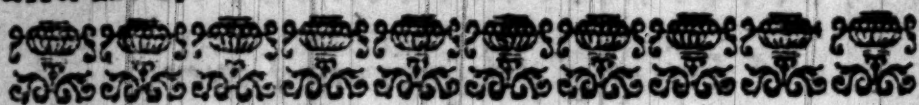
SOmtimes Love, at this time the despaire
of Love, hath put the pen into my hand,
with a purpose if it returne mee no redresse,
to change it into a sword, which promises
mee a full though a cruell healing; the blanke
paper which you have sent mee, for an an-
swer, is a testimony of my innocency, since
it is as if you had said, you have found no-
thing to accuse mee of, from whence other-
wise could your silence proceed ? if you have
any

any remembrance of my faithfull service, for pittie I desire of you either life or death: this is all that is requested at your hands by your despairing Lover.



Her answer.

DRaw from your evill the knowledge of your good : if you had not bin beloved, you could never have had a sence of any thing; till you are forgiven, you shall not know your offence: in the meane space hope and live.



To a Lady promising revenge on his enemy.

M*Adam*, who doubts of my innocency shall bee guilty and offend against truth, closed eyes see not the light, though without a shadow it shine on them, especially when those eyes are shut against the brightnesse of my Iustice : therefore if the blood of mine enemy cannot wash away
my

my Itaine, I wil voluntarily adde thereunto mine owne, since that I have no other way to preserve my life left mee, I am ready to render it; farewell.



Her answer.

SIR, The wounds of the body are not alwayes healed, though they be out of danger, no more they of the mind; but having removed the difficulties by your valour and prudence, you must give time leave to work her ordinary actions, in the meane space she that loves you waites an opportunity till the blemishes of your honor are washt off by the expressions of your vertues, that you may appeare cleere, and as bright as day againe in the eyes of her that admires you.



A Lovers offer of his service to his Mistris.

FAire Mistris, had I vertue to perswade you as you have power to make me love

K

you

you the discovery of my blazing affections would melt you, were you a mountaine of Ice, to pittie, but for that love is more vehement in the heart, then in the tongue; I appeale to your motions for grace, if you have ever loved; if not, I hope for such Iustice at *Venus* hands, that you shall thus much I say, though I place no confidence in my owne wishes, because they convert to ayre, yet I presume of my own indeavours, for that I have vowed my life to death, to do you service, of which you can have no better assurance, than to imploy me, nor I a higher favour than to be

Yours.



A letter of a lover, requesting speedy remedy

Good *Madam*, Martyr me not with doubts, since my affections are so violent, and the excellence of your beauty doth so exceed, so that the full power of love hath made me in the state of flaming flax, which is presently to be quenched, or wil suddenly burne: thus longing for your gracious and sudden answer, I kisse your hand, and am
No more my owne.

A Letter from a languishing lover.

MORE of zeale to do you service, than
desire I have to live, I here present you
my consumed selfe, onely kept alive by the
light of your faire beauty, that sitteth crow-
ned in the palace of my heart, which bleed-
ing at your feet, beggeth the meanes of my
cure: if you vouchsafe it I live; if not, you
must see my death: and thus doubtfull be-
tween both, till I kisse your sweet answer, I
remaine,

Vnto my last gasp *Yours.*

Her Answer.

I Am not cruell, though with difficulty I
consent to love; and for that your passions
are so extreme, I keepe your picture in my
bosome, but with what thought, I blush to
write, though pittie be my warrant, so that I
leave the event of our love to your conside-
ration: for know sweet *Sir*, that being over-
come to see your passions so great, I cannot
but commit my love, my honour, my selfe,
and all to your affection, and wise govern-
ment, Farewell.



A Letter to his Mistris.

FAirest, since it is a common thing to love
and a miracle to subdue affection, Let it
not seeme strange that I am a slave to your
beauty, nor wonder though I sue for grace,
since the lover like a sick patient, is inforc'd
to seeke comfort of his mistris: to prove that
I love you, needs no other testimony then
the witnesse of your rare perfections, for the
present I balme my wounds with a hope
that I shall kisse your gracious hand, and
that your answer wil returne an acceptance
of the service of him

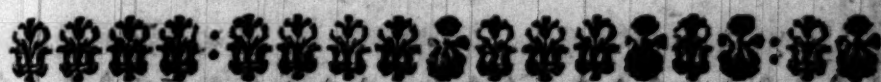
Whole heart waiteth on your
Beauty.



*A Letter to his Mistris, upon service
injoyed.*

FAire Nymph, May all contents and plea-
sures dwell with you, as all mine de-
pend

pend on you, I perceive now you command mee to action, but Love which is ever accompanied with doubts commands mee to tremble, but let heaven doe with me what it please, I know it will not deny mee a grave.



*A Letter complainining of the cruelty
of his Mistris.*

FAirest, If your eyes were as full of variety as they are to cause love, the sweetness which they promise at the first, would make me adore them with as much contentment as they have produced in me of vaine hope; but so farre are they from the performance of their deceitfull promises, that they will not so much as confesse them, and so wide from healing my hurt, that they will not acknowledge themselves Authors, as if with you they purpose to equall crueltie with beauty, since you have ordained that the affection that you have caused to be born in me should cruelly dye in me, was there ever a more unpitifull mother but I, who

held more deare that which came from you than my life, being unable to suffer so great an injustice, am resolved to carie my affections with me into the grave, hoping that the heavens moved at last, will through my patient suffering, make me as deare to you, as you are now cruell to me, Farewell.



A Letter from a despairing lover.

[F you have regard to the presumption which hath forced me to love, my death which followes it, shall revenge it on you; but if it be indifferent to you, I assure my selfe, that this last act of my affection shall gaine somewhat more in your soule: if it fall out so, I shall cherish the resemblance of your beauty more than my birth, since by it I came into the world to be troublesome to you; and by the other, I go out of it, and leave you.

Ano-



Another.

M*istris*, My heart is yours, my obedience belongs to your commands, and my whole will is yours: so that I have nothing free but speech, to say, I am
Your Servitour.



Another.

M*istris*, From the time that with your beautie, I had the knowledge of your merits, I felt some secret power, which sweetly enforced my will to honour you, and my heart to aspire at nought but your love. If so be then, that my services, whereof Heaven hath reserved the integrity for your commands, may be never so little pleasing to you, permit,

Mistris, That I may honour my selfe,
with this title of your *Servant*.



Another Letter of Service.

S*IR*, I have received, by way of duty, the honour of your Letter; whereby I have seen the submissions of services which you do me, but unfittingly, for which I am more beholding to your courtesie, then to any merit of mine: Now to accept of them were without reason; as to refuse them would be held disdainfull; I doe therefore receive the proffer, but leave the effects to your selfe, that so you may not serv

Sir, Her that favours you.



Another.

S*IR*, If the services which your honesty will needs yeeld mee, gather only life from my merit, or beauty, they have but their name; for there can be no defect, if there be no cause: So that I never having
any

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any beauty, or merit, you are but my servant in word, *Sir*, but I am yours in deed.



Another.

SIR, If my duty have entertained yours, mine honesty hath refused your offers, as too worthy of me, and I am unworthy of them. I shall neverthelesse, for mine owne sake, reserve the honour to my self, *Sir*, who am

Your servant.



Another to the same eff. &c.

SIR I accuse my duty for your satisfaction, for that I have deprived you of my Letters; and confesse me guiltie, before you accule me, the rather to merit grace. Deny it me not then I beseech you, as you regard him that begs it *Sir*, who is the most affectionate of all your *Servants*.

K 5.

Another



Another to the same effect.

Albeit one selfe same cause makes us pardonable, for having beene alike silent, yet doe I know my duties interest, in having unjustly deprived you, (being obliged to you as I am) of the effects of my remembrance, which grieves my soule, and which grieve I present to you, but alwaies in my quality,

Sir, of your humble servitour.



A Letter desiring better acquaintance.

SIR, Although my merit be not such as may presume to deserve the honour I have to write to you, yet the desire nevertheless I have to introduce my selfe into your acquaintance and friendship, hath emboldened me to present these lines to you, and to receive the honour of your commands, and to tender to you the offers of my service:

Yours.

A



A Letter from one to his Mistress.

[T is impossible to see you without loving you, but much more to love you without being extreme in that affection, so that if for my defence it shall please you to consider this truth when this paper shall present it self before your eye, I assure my self that the greatnesse of my hurt shall obtaine by pittie as much pardon from you, as the boldnesse which hath raised me to this worth, may merit just punishment, attending the Iudgement which you shall give, suffer me a thousand and a thousand times to kisse your faire hands and rest.



A Letter to Cælia.

Mistress.

[F perfection be not in the world, but to make you admired; if love be not love, but to make you be beloved; if sacrifices be not but to make you be adored; who

can see you without admiration, who can admire you without love, and who can love without adoring you? he must be one that hath neither eyes, heart, nor soule: for if my eyes admire you, affection will have it so: if my heart loves you, reason commands it, if my soule adores you, heaven permits it: so that these three necessities forming it for you, I present it to you

Deare *Mistress*, under the Title
of yours, *Eugenius*.



A Letter.

SIR, It is needlesse for me to say I love you, since my actions hitherto have given you no testimony to the contrary. Truce then for my words, I will that my deeds shall speak, and tell you that in effect I will during life be

Yours.



A Letter of acknowledgment.

WHat worthy acknowledgement
can I give to your obligations,
when their extremitie bereaves me of the
hope: my dutie remains pensive at the ex-
cesse of your courtesies; for being never
able to tender you other, than unworthy ef-
fects of your merits. I have indeed but the
will, and that is but a shadow for a body;
yet compose it, I beseech you, whilst you re-
member how it proceeds from

Your most humble servant.



Another.

SIR, With what kind of duties shall I ac-
knowledge your courtesies; which have
so obliged me, that to tell them right, one
must be silent? To offer you my service; it
is alreadie your own. To present my self; I
am.

am yours long since. I then have nought but defaults, for your satisfaction; but a thousand services, for your obedience; for my being in generall, depends on that particular, of *Your* most humble servitour.



Another.

S*IR*, I have nothing, yet I owe much. To present you with wishes, for effects, were but too weak recompences. I will therefore give you mine endeavours, for all your courtesies; honouring and serving you whilst I live; all which life of mine is destined for no earthly thing, but your commands.



Another.

S*IR*, Your courtesies have too much obliged me, ever to forget them; I shall celebrate them particularly in my soul, whereby to be able to acknowledge them, in the least presenting serviceable occasion, & live
alwaies

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alwayes with this will, never to die beholding to you,

*Sir, but yet your most humble
Servitour.*



Another.

SIR, I can honour your merits by reason, and acknowledge by duty your courtesies which have too much obliged me, to be ungratefull: though I can never make you worthy satisfaction; yet shall I have alwayes both the desire and hope of it, and in the meane while a stedfast will to live and die,

Sir, Yours.

For telling of newes.

SIR, Desirous of your contentment, as of mine owne, I have taken pen in hand, to tell you whatsoever hath past. Now you have seene what is new, take the old with it: which is, that I am alwayes,

Sir, Your Servitour.

A



*A Letter of acknowledgement of
being beloved.*

Shall I conceale such an excessive happi-
nesse, as to bee loved by you, *My deere?*
Or shall I publish it, to make it greater?
No, no, my silence may honour it, yet
my words shall make it the more glori-
ous; for in leaving it, I shall deprive its
memorie of forgetfulnesse. I will therefore
have my mouth continually closed up, a-
gainst the confession of it, my minde taken
in the thought of it, and my soule wrapped
in the sole object of its *Idea*. And so bles-
sing my birth, for the happinesse of yours,
that your death may be my Tombe. In the
meane while, my whole happinesse and glo-
ry shall consist in this qualitie, of

Your most humble servant.

A

A Letter of absence.

M*istris*, Since the day of your departure, which was also reckoned the same of my contentment, teares and griefs have been inseparable with my life: all kind of objects are to me defective, nothing pleases me, but what dislikes me; and if your memory did not still accompanie me in my actions, I should forget my selfe, and in stead of preserving my life for your service, should destroy it for mine owne content. If you desire to judge of my griefe, judge what your selfe are, *Mistris*, which is the fairest of the world, and I the most afflicted of all your servants.

Another.

M*istris*, Sith for counterpoise of my love, I suffer the griefe of your absence, I doe even indure all that ever can be
con-

conceived in rigorous torments : the daies
 shine not on me, but to inlighten my mis-
 hap ; for the Sunne laughs at my paine, as
 I scorne his brightnesse, in that I acknow-
 ledge none more worthy, than that of your
 eyes, long since my Conquerers, and still
 mine idols. But what shall I say ? I am
 borne to indure, and to love you, *Mistress*.

But alwaies in this qualitie, of your
 most humble Servant.

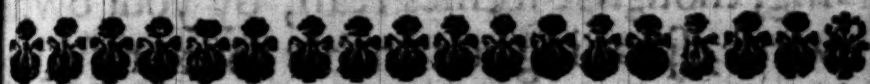


Letters of Absence.

IF those griefes, which are still present,
 since your absence did not make me hope
 for a speedy death, I should bewaile the
 birth of my dayes, that doe enlighten me
 without shining, for deprived of the bright-
 nesse of your eyes, I can acknowledge none
 other in the world, as having vanquished
 me, and that with so many charmes, as that
 they are not content, that I adore them, but
 that they are still burning me. Well, this is
 some-

somewhat too much ; but yet too little for
your merits. Wherefore I will never be
weary of suffering, no more than of loving
you. Believe my harme at leastwise, and
your beliefe shall be my remedie, and my
honour my qualitie.

*Mistris, Of your most humble
Servitour.*



Another.

M*istris,* If the sorrow which your ab-
sence hath caused in my soule, could
give me as many words to expresse it, as I
have griefs to bewaile it; I should thinke
my selfe satisfied. But for too much indu-
ring, I must be silent in my torment ; yet
never in my qualitie,

*Mistris, Of your most humble
Servant.*

Another



Answer.

S*R*, What kinde of trouble can such an indifferent absence bring to your content? No, no, it can be but an imaginary feeling, though it seemes reall, by your owne words, speaking you unable to expresse, being there's no such thing, your silence is your great advantage; since it expresses your torment, without saying any thing of it: But not the title which your faire carriage gives you, of being my servitour; as to me it doth likewise the endeavour, *Sir*, of deserving the stile and quality, of your servant.



Another.

S*R*, I can give but fained remedies to an imaginarie torment like yours, for mine absence is of too indifferent a nature to cause
your

your grief or trouble, and I beseech you dispensance with me for believing it, since also mine owne knowledge forbids it, as reason doth otherwise to say I am

Sir, Your servant.

Upon a point of rigour.

IF love and crueltie bee two contrarie things, your love must needs be fained, since your rigour is reall. Cease then to make me suffer, and I shall believe you love me, for my paine and your crueltie are too opposite to persist together: Adieu my deare, and though too cruell.

I am your Serviteur.

Another.

SIR, You complaine of my absence, and I of yours: you would enjoy my presence, but your discretion forbids it you, and me the happinesse to see you; but my want
of

of power opposeth it : so that grievances
should be lesse in that they are equally sha-
red ; but not the quality which I take,
Sir, of your servant.



Another.

TO see you without admiration, is past
my power ; to admire and love you, is
a necessity ; but to love and indure yours, is
a consequence for you have so much merit,
that one can hardly desire, much lesse hope
for the honour of your good favours. Iudge
then who can but worthily serve you? Sure
he is yet unborn, nay, in earnest, i'le pawne
my soul on't, yet with your leave, *Mistress*,
For I am Yours.

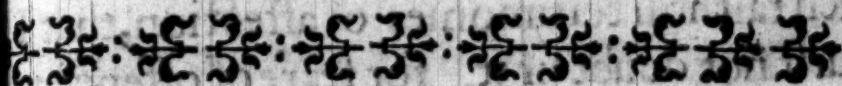


To his Lady.

TO despise such as honour you, to dis-
daine such as love you, to make no ac-
count of such as are faithfully yours, are
those the actions of a faire soule like yours?
Or

Or are these but words, that honour mee
with a hope of some effects of your good
remembrance? Oh, it is a little too rigo-
rous! Confesse it, that you may repent, and
give him content, who cannot be absent
from you,

*Mistris, As your most humble
Servitour.*



To a kinswoman.

*Mistris, Albeit your actions, in appea-
rance have witnessed, that I was no
otherwise in your esteem, than of an indif-
ferent quality; yet my desires being still
secretly zealous for your service, in their na-
turall instinct, aspiring at nothing but your
good, have disarmed my purpose, bent to
your disgrace, so to restore me to my selfe,
and make me the same I am to you, which*

*Mistris, Your most affectionate
servant and kinsman.*

Upon



Vpon the inconstancy of a servant.

SIR, Our Sex is not alwayes accused of inconstancy, and yet do I now take that law from you: you, I say, whose oathes gave such faithful testimonies of affection, that I durst not doubt of it, for feare of offending my selfe : And yet hath the winde caried away your words, but not your love, for you never had any : so that now when I blame my selfe for having believed you, I praise my selfe withall, for imitating you, but alwayes with the sorrow of not being your example : for it was fit I should precede you, as your *Mistress*,

Sir, Though at the present,
Your servant.

A Letter.

M*istris*, It is well to be seene that you have no love, since you have eyes to see my unworthinesse. Love is blinde, you should be so too in regard of my merits: let it suffice you that I love you, and that I adore you, even as the fairest and most perfect creature on earth.



A Letter from a despairing Lover.

THere is no creature *Madam*, so bereaved of reason or deprived of sense, which being oppressed with direfull calamities feeleth not by meere instinct of nature a present medicine for his malady, man onely excepted, who by reason of his want may justly accuse the injurious powers of in justice, the Vnicorne being sicke recovers his health by swallowing the buddes of a date tree, the Deere being stricken feedes on the hearbe *Dictamnium*, and recovers; but man hath no secret salve so excellent, nor plaister so perfect by whose secret vertues he

L

may

may appease his passions : this *Madam* I now know by prooffe, and therefore speak by experience; for your divine beautie and the perfections of your mind have kindled such a flame in my heart that by no meanes I can quench, but it will turne my body into dry earth, and cinders; unlesse by the drops of your pity, it be speedily extinguished: therefore faire one, now at last be mercifull, and let not my service and royall love be recompenced with such disloyall refusals : strive not for my life, since you have my liberty, seek not my death, since you are the saint to which I offer up my devotions : *Madam*, let the sweet balme of your benevolence salve the sore which so painfully afflicteth my carefull conscience, and with the dew of your grace redeeme him from misery whose life or death standeth in your answer, which I hope shall be such as belongeth to the desert of my love, and the graces of your beautifull mind.

Farewell.

Her

Her Answer.

IT is impossible *Sir*, to straine moyst liquor out of the dry flint, to procure a heat in that which is key cold, or to force the sturdie streames to runne against their common course, know *Sir*, you are the man I loath, but cannot like; make therefore a vertue of your necessity and asswage the flame your selfe, which I know not who else will quench, by an importunate persisting in thy purpose where no hope is, thou provest thy selfe rather a desperate sot, then a discreet Souldier: take my nay therefore for an answer: if I would I cannot; and if I could, I would not, so farewell.

No way yours.



To one who is not really what she seemes.

ADmire not though I raile against thy follies, since thy mercyleffe minde hath misled me by thy ingratitude, & thy imperfections have delineated these impressions of my penne: for thy beauty, if I admired it

once it was when I knew not that thy ill conditions like bad commodities, were to be put off with it, but now making use of reason: I question whether at that time I had sense: perswade thy selfe therefore, if I were to dye presently, and thou wert part of that I should leave the world, I would bequeath thee with thy good face, and bad conditions for a legacy to my most inveterate enemy. And for my owne part whilst I do survive, and thy remaining upon this earth, doth yet afflict me, be confident faire painted Sepulcher, I will epitomize all thy vices, that the world by reading thy volume may thin thee as the only obstacle to felicity, and learne the wages of vertue, by those things that are thy contraries, for the present: admire not though this paper bee stained with the blemishes of thy ill name, since nature her selfe was deceived which bestowed her features so rashly, and inconsiderately on thee, certainly thou wert ordained to rectifie my mind, that by thee, I might learne to know that a good face is not alwayes exempted from a hoarse voyce, I protest to thee I would not buy the distempers of thy soule at so high a rate as to enjoy thy beauty,
much

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much rather will I indeavour to expresse my gratitude to heaven, in that I faile not to practise this resolution.

Never to inioy thee.

Her Answer.

Wonder not *Sir*, though you see an answer to your franticke letter, do you thinke by brawling like a begger to become a King? No *Sir*, as I know your knavery, so I passe not for it, neither can your bragges goe for payment. I marvaile not though your dogged Letters favour of *Diogenes* doctrine, you Cinicall Dunce, what felicity can you have in byting those of whom otherwise thou canst not be reveng'd? Indeed gentle Balaams Ass; if I had bin so light to have loved you, for feeding my fancie on thy ill favoured face, I might iustly have reapt such profit, since I then have filled my eyes so full with the figure of a foole; hereafter keepe your Letters Patents in your beggers boxe, adieu *Sir* dunce, the more you mislike me, the better I love my selfe, whilst I account it the greatest felicity of *S.M.*

To be rid of such a foole.

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A Letter from a distressed lover.

M Adam, as my cares proceed from your cruelty, so let the effects of your courtesie procure my blisse, since the perfections of your beauty have made me miserable, let mee begge of you to lend the messenger of present consolation to him that pineth away and is yours only and ever.

Still in hope.

A Letter from a lover professing constancy.

T Hey who have the honour to see you run a dangerous fortune : if they love you, they are saucy ; if they love not, they are without judgment ; now faire creature, I have cholen that which is most after my humour ; and from which it is impossible for me to withdraw my selfe, thinke it not hard Cruell Diana, that having seene you, I love you : if this boldnesse deserve punishment, you caused it, and it is no more in my choice, for I must while I live, be your servant or not be alive, Farewell.

A



A letter from an inconstant lover

[Write not now to tell you that I love, for you have believed it but too well, but to assure you that I shall love you no more, perhaps you may be amaz'd at this alteration, for you have alwayes loved me above my desires; but that which drawes me from you is, I must confesse your misfortune that will no longer continue to you the pleasure of our loves, or rather my good fortune which will have me no longer stay at so poore a thing, and to the end you may live to complaine of mee, I bid you for ever, Farewell.

Her answer.

SIR, It was your arrogancy perswaded you I loved you, wherein you were most infinitely mistaken, I sweare to thee by all the merits which thou thinkst thou hast but are not in thee, there was never any such likely matter, as for the

Letter thou hast sent mee I cannot bee unthankfull to thee for the pleasure thou hast done me in it, since it hath taught me to reject hereafter the importunities of such coxcombes as your self, in the meane time be as content as I am, in being freed of such a burden: beleeve me *Sir*, it is no small happinesse. Farewell.



A Lover to his inconstant Mistris.

IT is not to complaine of you Mistris, that I take up my pen, but only to deplore my misfortunes which make me so contemned of you, since at other times you were not wont to use me in this sort. I am the same man that have served you in all respective submission, and you are the same that at first were mine, since you received me for yours. I am become no lesse, nor you greater; if it be so, why doe you not judge me worthy of the same entertainement? I have called my soule to an account for her actions, since it pleaseth you, I will display them all before your eyes: for my part, I cannot accuse any one of them, if you shall judge otherwise when

when you have heard them, it shall bee no small consolation to the poore condemned to know at least the cause of his punishment; adieu cruell one.



A Letter.

I F love taught me as well to speak my torment, as to suffer it, my pity would make you sensible of my plaints, but dumb in their too much sufferance. I have but my constancy, for remedy, that is all my hope; your sweetnesse, for my desire; and your command, for mine honour, *Mistris*, for my quality is,

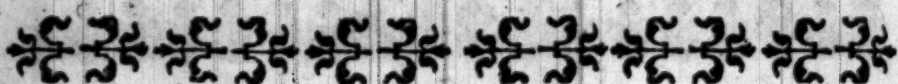
Your most humble Servitour.

Another.

S Ince your merits cause my torment, I will never complaine: the more rigorous you shall be, the more constantly I will oppose all my respects, to your neglects; my honours, to your disdaines; and my fire, to your ice; if I breath, it shall be love; if I

sigh, it shall be in passion for your service :
In a word, if I be, I shall be,

Mist'ris, Your servitour.



Letter.

TO have no soule, but to adore you ; to have no heart, but to love you ; and but one only life, for your service ; have you not cause to complaine? You, whose beauty, hath so many charmes ; and merits, so many baits, that one would detest this name of liberty, to die your slave. Should one talke of miracles, you are the example ; in discourse of rarities, you are the comparison : so that Heaven and nature are in dispute, for whom you were made. Now to say, I am your servitour, that is a quality too high : to say I am your slave, that's yet too lofty. Behold my Surname, now give me what name you please.

Letter.

Letter.

IF for desiring death, one were to loose his life, I should have bene gone long since : for too much love, makes me hate my selfe : but mee thinkes the more I live, I still lengthen my daies : and that being wretched, I ought to live the longer: I flie that which flies me, the grave : so as I have neither comfort of my life, nor hope of my death. And thus I am,

Mistris, Alwaies your servitour.

Another.

TO love, and not to be loved, is to live without hope, and by consequent, to die. Have you resolved my death, and by disdaining my services, to forget them for requitall? It is too much rigour, for your beautie: you will confesse it one day, but too late for your repentance, for I shall no longer by consequence subsist, as I am for the present, *Mistris,* The most humbe of all *Your* servants.

A Letter.

Mistress, Thus to forbid me to love you, and to will mee not to honour you, what would you have me doe (*my dearest*) I must change my heart, if I would change my Mistress; and Nature must give me other inclinations, to deprive you of my respects, and of my obedience: forbid me to live rather; I will dye, but it shall be for love, and so at the price of my dayes, I shall doe you service; leaving this truth, for a remembrance to after times.



A Letter from a Gentleman to his Mistress.

It is you, *faire creature*, that have gair'd this advantage upon me, that I forget my selfe, to remember you perpetually. Do not thinke, that unlesse I see you shortly, I can longer survive, whereby I might continue the affection of my services to you. So that two things will infallibly bring mee to my grave; your absence, and my grieve, for not
acquitt.

acquitting mee towards you, as I desire. Choose now (*faire soule*) whether you had rather have me dead for your content, or to see mee daily offer you up the fruits of my services, upon the altar of your merits, in the quality of

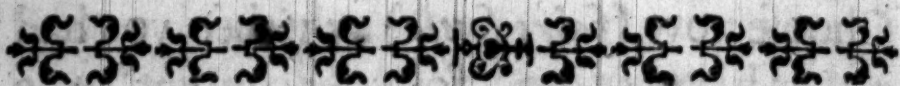
Your most loyall, and most affectionate
Servitour.



*A Letter of a Gentleman, evill spoken
of for the love of his Mistris.*

SOME one that is envious of my happiness, had a mind to calumniate me towards you, and to perswade you, that I have shewed some testimonies of affection to another besides you, who have sooner believed it of me then I should have done of you, if the like had beene reported to mee. Shall I accuse you then? Or shall I excuse my selfe? For you make me an overture for both. Should I excuse my selfe? That would make me guilty in some sort: and if I accuse you not, I shall witnesse that I honour you, and love you still, as your owne faithfull purchase.

A



A Letter of a difference betwixt a Gentleman, and his Mistris.

I Thinke it was no inviolable vow that was betwixt us, when we sware so solemnly. But for ought I can learne, the change hath better pleased you, then the continuance of my services. I know not whom I shall accuse, you, or I; for possibly the long time I have beene without seeing you, is the cause of it, or else you have beene drawne to it by your owne naturall condition. Make me such an answer as you please. No earthly thing shall hinder me from loving you, for I had rather choole a thousand deaths, than to be inconstant in my love: and will flie, with the hazzard of my life, the reproach of disloyalty (whether you will or no.)

Your servitour inviolably.

A



*A Letter of a Gentleman, after a visit
to a Lady.*

M*istris*, the honour I received in the late visite I made to my deare Cozen at your house, hath so obliged me to both of you, that I thought I should commit a hainous fault, if by some honest endeavour, I should not witnesse a feeling of it. If ever I have the happinesse to see you at my home, which is yours, I shall endeavour to make you as welcome, as I can; and doe conjure you to come see my Sister, as you have promised her; otherwise, farewell all friendship; not so neverthelesse, but that the meanwhile I desire to continue,

Mistris, Your Cozen, and
best friend.

A



*A Letter, of a fond Maid, that disdained
the service and love of a gallant Gentle-
man ; who was counselled to dis-
daine her also.*

FORsake that Maide, that forsakes you,
and no more remember her forgetful-
nesse. She hath changed, to change your
mishap. She hath changed, that shee might
not change her natures inconstancy ; Her
small acquaintaince, should make you know
her fault. Your good iudgement, may
shew you what a little she hath. You can-
not but get by the losse of her. If you lose
a sweet heart, you gaine a liberty ; you
should keepe some love for your selfe, and
not cast it all away from you. If you love
something, do not hate your selfe for all that.
If fortune give you any thing, she will be
well rewarded. If she take a heart from you,
think it was not yours. Whersoever you goe,
tarry with your content, and love not what
is contrary to you ; unlesse you will contra-
ry him, that loves you dearely,
Even to the Grave.



*A brave reply of a Gentleman to his Mistris
by way of Derision.*

Escopites,

THe small shot of your beauty, doth enough singe the doublet of my soule, without the Canion of your rigour to break the very bones of my pretences. You have enough forraged the plaines of my heart, without moreover billeting there the Regiment of despaire, which runnes after mee, even to the ruine of my life. Alas! I pray you doe not let those Carabins of disdain eate up the bread of my hopes, nor beat up the bongues of my fidelity, that are so full of good wine of patience. I have so often told you, that as soone as the Baker of your bounty, should have heated the Oven of your heart, I would set in the bread of my thoughts. But the bad rich man of your judgement, hath despised my poore Devill of desire, that is going now to die in the Hospitall. Out alas! Gogs-nigges, what will become of the Goates of my conceits, if this wicked woman of your cruelty, pull the bed from under them of my contentment

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ment, to make them snap at the crust of your
 Leeres? No, I beleeeve the bottle of my per-
 severance once broken, you will bewaile the
Orleans wine of my devotion, when you
 will get none else, but some tart wines of
 faining, which will vexe the tongue of
 your knowledge. But if you rid your hands
 of that vicious horse of your distrust, I be-
 leive the rest will not rush upon the *Bibets*
 of my thoughts, which hold the bridle of
 constancy. What ever befalls, the Pilgrims of
 my designes, desiring the Scollop-shells of
 your friendship, will be still grobling in the
 dirt of good courage. But if the feet of my
 offers, take bladders of refusall, farewell *Cu-*
pid's voyage. The vintages of my services
 will be soone done, if the haile of your pride
 blast the grape of my pursuite. But whilst
 the sythe of your judgement, moves the
 grasse of your rigours, I shall ever kisse the
 hands of your perfections, and make my
 selfe an everlasting wood of the fire of your
 beauty.



*A Letter of holy love betweene two lovers,
containing three letters besides.*

YOU have made me feelee, *faire Calistena*,
the ardent sparkles of your friendship;
the memory whereof I shall still honour,
and esteeme my selfe a great deale the more
happy, if my happinesse may prove more
extreame, when I shall burne in its flames,
wherein my soule shall live with a thousand
delights, and my heart resume new life in
its ashes. And that I may be condemned to
this wished punishment, doe not let your
faire mind conceive any doubt of my loves
eternity, since constancy shall bee ever its
faithfull companion, and that the fire which
kindled it, can never be quenched, should
it be combated by the Ice proceeding from
that feare you might have of your enviers.
And if it were so, yet would it melt, as soon
as you should but contemplate the Sunne-
beames of my discretion. You may as well
assure your selfe of the effect of my words,
as

as I doe of the consummation of my hope ;
which have none other scope , then to serve
your merits, and to fit up to your use.

Your faithfull Floridon, &c.



A Letter in answere.

YOur desires are my lawes (*deere Flori-*
don) and your loyalty cannot finish but
with mine : they shall both alike shine
bright over our lives, and nourish them-
selves with our flames ; wherein I shall
thinke mee very happy to live with you.
That silence which knit up my tongue at
your faire discourses, proceeded only out of
feare : you might know that , by my exte-
riour signes, which sufficiently shewed you,
how sorely it greived mee : but with you
only : for I would not have you think me in
any sort afraid of the scorching sparkes of
the envious , since nothing can withstand
that faithfull love , which from hencefor-
ward is contracted, by

Your deare Calissa, &c.

Another



Another.

IF my stedfast love were not answered by
yours (*deare Calista*) I should have reason
to complaine of you, and my complaints
would be so stout, as not to give way to
ought, but torments. But must I needs open
the gaets to sorrowes, when your Letter is
an article of my faith, and that you suffer a
thouland tortures for my love? I doubt
not, but envie hath beene buzzing something
in my Parents eares of our loves, and that
Felicity her selfe, as iealous of our content-
ments, might put such a poore trick upon
us. But you have so faire a soule, and so ge-
nerous, that you will constantly repulse all
those onsets to honour still, with your love,

Your faithfull Floridon.

A



A Letter in answer.

PLeasures are of short continuance, and their faire dayes are too loone eclipsed, wee cannot promise our selves a long enjoyment of them, since they are in the hands of the great *I E H O V A H*. It is constancy that gives us happinesse, after all our adversities. You are the subject of my by-past sorrow (*deare Floridon*) but now your presence serves mee for Sunne-beames: though indeed some doubts of future obstacles doe even bury mee in an obscure night of anguish. And were it not that joy followes sorrow, I had ere this skipt over the step of this life of mine, to bee freed of my paine. But, time will one day give us the happinesse to make each other amends, by receiving usury for our patience. Bee comforted

forted then in your selfe, and consider so well with your discretion (though I bee thus in my feares) that there wants nothing but the Spire of our felicities, which we shall attaine to I hope shortly, or it shall be no fault of hers, who is

*Your faithfull CALISTA,
in as much as you desire
with honour.*



Stiles

of the ...

... with your discretion (though I
... in my heart) ...
... of ...
... to ...

ATTEST
...
...

...

...

...



Stiles and Tearmes used to
The King, or Queenes Majesty,
either in our Speech, or in Su-
perscriptions of Petitions di-
rected to them.

If you present any thing.

Sir, May it please your Majesty.

If you write in forme of a petition to the King.

Sir, May it please your Majesty to under-
stand, or to grant.

To the Queene.

Madam, May it please your Majesty.

*On the Superscription of some businesse, di-
rected both to the King and Queene.*

To the most Excellent, and most Mighty,
Casar Augustus.

To the most Excellent, most mighty
Lady the Queene.

*A Stile used by Men of Quality, when
they speake to the King.*

M

Sir,

Sir, May it please your Majesty.

To the Queene.

Madam, May it please your Majesty.

Stiles used to the Nobility in our Superscriptions are diverse, but the most generall are these.

If to an Arch-Bishop.

To the most Reverend Father in God.

If to a Bishop.

To the right Reverend Father in God.

If to a Noble man, eminent in place.

To the Right Honourable.

Or otherwise.

To the Honourable.

To persons of inferiour degrees.

To the right worshipfull.

Otherwise.

To the worshipfull.



Divisions of Letters.

A Morous, loving Letters.

Morall, civill Letters.

Oeconomical, household Letters.

Politically, witty Letters.

Excusatory,

Excusatory, Defensive Letters.
Petitionary, Letters of Request.
Gratulatory, Letters of Thanks.
Nuncupatory, Letters of Newes.



*Subscriptions, with Subscriptions adjoyned to
them, as they are most properly applyed.*

TO the High and most Mighty Monarch.

Your Majesties most faithfull and obedient Subject.

To the Right Honourable.

Your Honours most humble devoted.

To his Honourable Lord.

Your Honours in all duty and service.

To the Honourable, and his highly respected Lady.

Your Honours to command.

Or, Your Honours devoted.

To the worthy and Noble.

Ever yours to serve you.

To the right Honourable and his highly esteemed Patron.

Your Honours observant.

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To his most loving Father.

Your obedient Sonne.

To his dearely beloved Wife.

Your most loving Husband.

To his loving Vncle.

Your observant kinsman.

To the honourable Colonel.

Yours sworne to worthinesse,

To the onely life of his desires.

Your afflicted friend.

To the fulnesse of his contentment.

Your living and dying friend.

To the onely hope of his fortunes.

*The honourer of your matchlesse
perfections.*

To the noble and truly vertuous Gentlewoman ;

Yours in death it selfe.

To his best choyce.

Yours, in the midst of feare.

To his virtuous, and dearely beloved.

Yours ever resolved.

To the Mistris of his thoughts.

Yours, dying in Constancy.

To his beloved friend.

Yours assured.

To the lovingest of all my friends.

Yours

of Complements. 249

Yours inseparably.

To his highly esteemed friend.

Yours, as I have professed.

To his tried and trusty friend.

Not living without you.

To his honourable friend.

Yours in true friendship.

To his newly displeased friend.

Yours, if you wrong her not.

To her best resolved friend.

Yours wheresoever.

To his well advised friend.

Yours, and virtues.

To his loving, and long expected friend.

Yours, with good wishes.

To his respected friend.

Yours, well assured.

To his approved friend.

Yours in true liberty.

To her much disquieted friend.

Yours in honourable love.

To his loving Niece.

Your affectionate kinsman.

To his dearest Brother.

Yours in all occasions.

To his well experienced and much esteemed noble friend.

Yours as you can desire.

To his well disposed friend.

Yours to trust onely.

To her dearest Husband.

Your ever loving Wife.

To his much disordered friend.

Yours in reformation.

To his unkinde friend.

Yours, if you will have it so.

To his ill advised Sonne.

Your displeased Father.

To his miserable rich friend.

Yours, if you can be your owne.

To the worthy Lady.

Yours, as a lover of Honour.

To her unkinde Husband.

Your true Wife till death.

To his perjur'd, and lascivious Wife.

Your Husband if you do not divide him.

To her jealous Husband.

Yours in her very thoughts.

To his suddenly displeased friend.

Yours, when you conceive aright of me.

To his well resolved friend.

Yours, whilst mine owne.

To her unkind friend.

Yours, and yet displeased.

To

To his honourable and good friend.

Yours, if you thinke me worthy.

To his well esteemed friend.

*Yours most dutifull if you will accept
of Humiliation.*

To his true helping friend.

Yours recovered.

To his worthy friend, adventurer in the
Straites.

Yours individed, though farre off.

To his noble and constant friend.

Yours, though amongst Infidels.

To his respected and worthy friend.

Yours, as you have made me.

To his carefull friend.

Yours, mindfull of you.

To the worthy Doctor.

Your sicke Patient.

To his honourable Captaine.

*Yours, though we never meet
again.*

To his approved friend.

Yours in all places, and at all times.

To his especiall friend.

My owne, if in your memory.

To the most perfect of Women.

Yours in the midst of temptation.

To his honour able enemy.

Yours, ready for all dangers.

To his well deserving friend.

Yours unfainedly.

To his over suspicious friend.

Yours, to trust only.

To his wilfull, and seduced friend.

Your poore abused friend.



For the Readers greater pleasure and variety, these Subscriptions onely are here placed by themselves.

YOur carefull Father.

Your dutifull Sonne.

Your loving Master.

Your obedient Servant.

Usque ad aras.

The unfortunate.

Your well wishing friend.

In all humble duty.

Ever thine.

Thy discontented friend.

In all obedience.

Faith-

Faithfully yours.
Thy true friend.
Yours, more than mine owne.
Never lesse his owne.
Thy most constant friend.
As you shall determine of me.
Affectionately devoted to your service.
Your loving Landlord.
Your Worships poore Tenant to command.
Thy sometimes friend.
Yours not safe till I enjoy you.
Yours irremovably.
Yours prepared to suffer.
Yours, in boundlesse affection.
Your servant.
Your Honours friend.
Yours most passionately, loyally, and perpetually devoted.
Yours, as farre as modesty will suffer me.
Yours, if you please to accept of me.
Yours, as I find cause.
Your best Counsellor.
Your injured Mistris.
Your affectionate poore friend.
Once thy Friend.
Your entire Vassall.
Remaining your friend.

Yours, in respective duty.

Yours, as a lover of vertue.

Yours, fearefully loving.

Yours, well affected.

Your plaine and true friend.

Your Worships to be commanded.

Your friend to his ability.

Anima dimidium tua.

Yours in unutterable affection.

Your loyall Wife.

Your imprisoned friend.

No longer your friend.

Yours wholly, and onely, if you will.

Yours, so I may be my owne.

Thine, or not his selfe.

Your distressed Debtor.

Yours, as you shall deserve by your service.

Your sorrowfull friend.

Yours, what you will.

Your forsaken friend.

Your vowed servant.

Your enemy, till death.

Your friend, whether you will or no.

Your true love.

Yours ever.

One, alwayes yours.

Thine owne from all the world.

Yours

Yours, in all good sort to be entertained.

Your friend confirmed in all fidelity.

Thine to the end.

Desirous of your reformed imagination.

Yours, more sorry for your ill conditions,
then for the wrong you have done me.

Your faithfull and ready friend.

Your most humble and passionate Servant.

Yours, in the infringable bonds of affection.

The servant of your worthy virtues.

Yours, most respectfully engaged.

Your ever friend and Servant.

Your Lordships unfained honourer, and
loyall Servant.



The Academy



A

Table for the understanding of the hard ENGLISH words, contained in this Worke.

A

A Cute ~~Wittie~~.
 Amiable Lovelie.
 Apt Fit.
 Austere Sharpe.
 Aspire To looke high.
 Abstemious Temperate.
 Amplifie To enlarge.
 Advvertise To advise.
 Augment To increase.
 Aspect To looke upon.
 Absurd Foo'ish.
 Applaud To like.
 Altitude Hight.
 Acknowledgment Confession.
 Attractive Drawne to.
 Aspiration Breaching.
 Abhorre To hate.
 Audacious Bold.
 Alacrity Cheerefulnesse.
 Aparent Open.
 Abjure To forswear.
 Active Nimble.
 Anguish Griefe.
 Apperinent Belongin g to

Auspicious Betokening
 successe.
 Abruptly Unorderly.
 Ambiguity Doubtfulnes.
 Arrogant Proud.
 Accommodate To make
 fit.
 Aggravate To make more
 grievous.
 Adverse Contrary.
 Apprehension Understan-
 ding.
 Affable Courteous.
 Artificially Workeman-
 like.
 Affectation Curiositie.
 Academy University.
 Amity Friendship.
 Abbreviate To shorten.
 Ardent Hot.
 Adorne To beautifie.
 Antipathie Contrariety.
 Adore To worship.
 Affectionate Loving.
 Accurate Curtious.
 As To doe, or to per-
 forme.

Accident

of Complements.

Accident Chance.
Assent To agree to.
Accomplish To finish.
Amaze To strike with
wonder.
Admire To wonder at.
Absolutely Fully.
Adventure To hazard.

B

Beneficiall Profitable.
Blisse Happinesse.
Bashfull Blushing.
Brevity Shortnesse.
Benevolence Goodwill.
Bruit Report.
Barbarian A rude person.
Beatitude Blessednesse.
Besiege To set upon or
Court.

C

Complexion Consti-
tution of body.
Convince To confute.
Credulity Rashnesse of be-
liefe.
Celestiall Heavenly.
Civill Honest behaviour.
Comprehend To contain.
Circumspect Heedy.
Celebrate To keepe so-
lemnly.
Compassion Pitié.
Consequent Following by
order.
Correspondent Answer-
able.
Contrite Sorrowfull.

Capacity Largenesse of
place.
Circumstance Quality of
time and place.
Condescend To agree to.
Cogitation Thought.
Catastrophy The end.
Credible To be beleevued.
Contribution Bestowing.
Confirme To establish.
Casualty Chance.
Compose To sojorne.
Clemency Gentlenesse.
Convenient Fit.
Consecrate To make holy
Center A circle.
Competent Convenient.
Circumvent To deceive.
Compendious Short.
Certifie To give to un-
derstand.
Conferre To talke toge-
ther.
Corrivals Partners in af-
fection.
Contract To covenant.
Circumscribe To compasse
about.
Commencement The be-
ginning.
Contemprible To bee de-
spised.
Commemoration Remem-
bring.
Circumlocution Many
words.
Converse To be familiar.
Continent Chaste.
Charmes Spels or witch-
craft.
Condu& Guiding gover-
ning. Curiosity

The Academy.

Curiosity Neatenesse.

D

Dire Cruell.

Distracted Mad.

Divert To turne from another.

Direct To guide.

Divulge To publish.

Delineat To draw a proportion.

Desist Leave off.

Dissimilitude Unlikenesse.

Disperse To scatter abroad.

Diety God-head.

Disloyall Untrusty.

Distinguish To put a difference.

Decipher To describe or lay open.

Distant Place betweene.

Dispose To appoint.

Deformed Ill shapen.

Disturbe To disquiet.

Dialect A manner of speech.

Define To show what a thing is.

Dissolve To unloose.

Disswade To perswade to the contrary.

Disculse To search narrowly.

Digresse To leave a matter.

Decent Comely.

Disannull To make voyd.

Dilate To enlarge.

Destitute Forsaken.

Defame To slander.

Destinated Appointed.

Disputable Questionable.

Determine To conclude.

Dedicate To give forever.

Dismiss To send away.

Difficult Hard.

Defraud To deceive.

Desertion Leaving.

Display To spread abroad.

Dexterity Aptnesse.

Dejected Cast downe.

Demeanor Behaviour.

Diffuse To poure out.

Disability Unablenesse.

Deprive To take away.

Disjunction Dividing.

Deride To mocke.

Dismall Unluckie.

Diffident Doubt-

full,

Delude To de-

ceive.

Dissent To disa-

gree.

Depend To hang

upon.

Deliberate To take coun-

sell.

Dehort To perswade to

the contrary.

Degenerate To fall off

from goodnesse.

Defects Weaknesse of ca-

capacity.

Dissipate Scatter a-

broad.

of Complements.

E

Expression Laying o-
pen off.

Expert Skillfull.

Extract To draw out.

Exact Perfect.

Errorious Full of errors.

Effect A thing done.

Embleme A shadow of a
thing.

Evident Plaine.

Expect To waite or look
for.

Exempt Free.

Extinguish To put out.

Efficacy Force.

Enflame To set on fire.

Expedient Fit.

Expire To dye.

Extenuate To lessen.

Essence The being of a
thing.

Eccho A sound.

Experiment Tryall.

Extend To spread forth.

Elaborate Curious.

Exhorte To bestow.

Expostulate To chide
with.

Evasion A escape.

Eclipse Darknesse of the
Sunne.

Extempore Without sta-
die.

Exanimate To trouble the
mind.

Education Bringing up,

Epithete A title given to
any thing.

Expence Cost.

Exasperate To anger.

Evitable To be shunned.

Excessive Too much.

Effeminate To womanish.

Exorable To be intreated

Elegancy Finenesse of
speech.

Expedition Speed.

Exigent Necessity.

Election Choise.

Explicite Unfolded.

Eloquution Good expres-
sion.

Exile Banished.

Explicate To declare.

Estimate Price or rate.

Enjoy Keep or possesse.

Engaged Indebted.

Event End, successe.

Extraordinary More then
common,

F

Frivolous Trifeling.

Fortunate Happy.

Fiction A tale.

Fatall Mortall.

Fortitude Valour.

Fervent Hot.

Fulgent Glistering.

Figurative Shadowed.

Faculty Power or ability.

Finite Having an end.

Fruition Injoying.

Fabulous Fained.

Fraudulent Deceitfull.

Fragrant Smelling Sweet

Pallacy Deceit.

Fidelity Trustines.

Fantasie Imagination.

Felicity Happinesse.

Feature

The Academy.

Feature Shape.
Foundation Groundwork
Falsitie To breake ones
word.

G

G Ratifie To pleasure
Genuine Naturall.
Gratulate To be glad.
Generosity Nobility.
Glorifie To give honour.

H

H Abitude Disposition
Heroicall Beleem-
ing a Nobleman.
Harmony Agreement.
Hereditary By succession.
Habit Apparell.

I

I Mproper Unfit.
Incident Hapning.
Introduction Entrance.
Issue Event.
Immature Untripe.
Improvident Carelesse.
Irefull Angry.
Iudicious Understanding
Indulgence Sufferance.
Imprudent Ignorant.
Illustrate To make plain.
Inamoured In Love.
Immutable Unchangeable
Ineffable Unspeakable.
Include Shnt in.
Ignoble Of base birth.
Interpret To expound.

Insolent Proud.
Incurr To run into.
Investive Speaking a-
gainst.
Indignation Anger.
Immaculate Unspotted.
Incommodious Hurtfull.
Instinct An inward moiti-
on.
Intricate Doubtfull.
Improbable Not to bee
proved.
Interrupt To let.
Induce To move to.
Impediment Hindrance.
Incommunicable Not to be
imparted.
Intolerable Insufferable
Intercept To prevent.
Impenetrable Not to bee
pierced.
Insist To stay upon.
Indecent Not comely.
Interdict To forbid.
Imperious Desiring rule.
Infallible Not decesivable
Institute To appoint.
Intimate To signifie.
Intermission Breaking off.
Implore Desire with
teares.
Impertinent. Not pertai-
ning.
Implacable Not to bee
pleased.
Insult To triumph.
Incompatible Insuffera-
ble.
Instable Inconstant.
Individual Not to be par-
ted.

Inspire

of Complements.

Inspire To breath into.
 Inculpable Without fault
 Incomprehensible Not to
 be conceived.
 Insensible Not to bee per-
 ceived.
 Incredulous Hardly to be
 beleevd.
 Inseparable Not bee divi-
 ded.
 Incentive Earnestly bent.
 Integrity Purenesse.
 Insensivity Without feeling
 Indisposition Backward-
 nesse.

L

L Inguilt Skillfull in
 tongues.
 Lepicie Gentlenesse.
 Labyrinth Full of wtn-
 dings.
 Loyall Obedient trusty.
 Languishing Pining.
 Literature Learning.
 Laudible worthy of prasse.
 Lascivious Wanton.
 Luster Brightnesse.

M

Mollifie To make
 soft.
 Maxime A principle.
 Mutable Changeable.
 Manifest Open.
 Metamorphosis Changing
 of shape.
 Magnificent Sumptuous.
 Mitigate Asswage.
 Mentall Belonging to the
 mind

Malecontent Discontent.
 Mature Ripe.
 Mirror A glasse.
 Metaphor Similitude.
 Muses Goddesses of lear-
 ning.
 Menace To threaten.
 Morality Civill behavi-
 our.
 Multiplicity Variety.
 Magicians Sorcerers wit-
 ches.
 Melancholy Griefe, sad-
 nesse.
 Merits Deserts.

N

Nuptiall Belonging
 to marriage.
 Notion Inward know-
 ledge.
 Nuncupatory Declaring.
 Native, Where one is
 borne.

O

Opposite Contrary.
 Odious Hatefull.
 Originall First beginning
 Obscure Darke.
 Object Athing set against
 Oratory Eloquent speech.
 Obsequious Serviceable.
 Officious Dutifull.
 Obdurate Hardened.
 Omit To let passe.
 Oprobrious Reproachfull.
 Obligated Bound to.
 Occurrences Occasions.
 Ominous Signifies good
 or ill lucke.

Opera-

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Operation Effect.
 Observant Dutifull.
 Odoriferous Smelling
 Sweetly.
 Ornament Adorning.
 Oprobrious Reproachfull.
 Ordained Appointed.

Propitious Favourable
 Ponderous Mighty.
 Period End of a sentence.
 Prolix Tediuous.
 Persist To continue.
 Parragon A patterne or
 example.
 Prostrate To fall on the
 ground.
 Perplexity Trouble.
 Placable Easy to please.
 Progresse Going forward.
 Posiion A question dispu-
 ted.
 Paradoxe A strang speech.
 Project A plot.
 Prefixed Set before.
 Patronize To defend.
 Promiscuous Confused.
 Perfidious Traiterous.
 Polish Make faire.
 Prohibit To forbid.
 Pretermitt To passe over.
 Permanent Continuing.
 Precipitate To cast down.
 Prosecute Follow after.
 Prejudice To hinder.
 Permission Sufferance.
 Procrastinate To delay.
 Perspicuous Cleere.
 Prescription Limitation.
 Participate To partake.
 Personate To counterfeite
 a person.

Probable Proved true.
 Perpetuity Continuance.
 Phantasie Imagination.
 Peculiar Proper.
 Patheticall Full of passi-
 ons.
 Perfections Gifts of na-
 ture.
 Perfumes Sweet sinels.
 Passionately Truly loving.
 Perpetuall Everlasting.

R

Rigorous Cruell.
 Repulse To drive
 backe.
 Rusticall Unmannerly.
 Reject To cast away.
 Reduce To bring backe.
 Revolve To determine in
 the mind.
 Resemblance Likenesse.
 Ratifie To confirme.
 Resigne To give to ano-
 ther.
 Repeale To call backe a-
 gaine.
 Repute To esteeme.
 Resplendent Shining
 bright.
 Ridiculous To be laught
 at.
 Reserve To keepe.
 Reall Substantiall.
 Reiterate Repeat againe.
 Respite To defer.
 Remit To forgive.
 Refractory Obstinate.
 Reassume To take again.
 Remunerae Reward.
 Reliques The remainder.
 Reference Pointing at.

Regall

of Complements.

Regall Princely.
Retribution A reward.
Refulgent Shining.
Reflection Casting backe.
Reputation Credit good
name.
Reflect To Looke, cast an
eye.

Remaine To continue
constant.
Reprovable To be blamed
Rarities Things hard to
be found.

S

Supreame Highest.
Splendent Glistering.
Succeed To follow.
Structure Building.
Serenity Calmnes.
Simpathy Fellow-feeling.
Supposition Thinking.
Sollicite To mone.
Succinct Short.
Suspence A doubt.
Sable Black or mournful
Submisse Lowly.
Superiority above another
Select Chosen out.
Subsequent following.
Spacious Large.
Sustaine To suffer.
Seduce To deceive.
Sublimity Hight.
Survive To out-live.
Soveraigne Highest autho-
rity.
Scruple A doubt.
Superfluous Needlesse.
Symmetry Due proportion
of parts.

Sensuall Brutish.
Stupific To astonish.
Simplicity Plainnes.
Subsist To abide.
Society Fellowship.
Servile Slavish.
Sutable Agreeable.
Suspicious Doubtfull.

T

Tresses Locks of haire
Transcendent Cli-
ming over.
Timorous Scarefull.
Triumphant Rejoycing in
victory.
Tedious Troublesome.
Transforme To change.
Terrene Earthly.
Tranquillity Quietnes.
Tolerable May bee suffe-
red.
Tragicall Sorrowful.
Temporize To serve the
times.
Transparent May be seene
Tenent Opinion.

V

VNiversall Generall.
Vnanimity Of one mind
Virall Lively.
Variable Changeable.
Value Esteeme.
Vulgar Common.
Vndervalue Discommend.
Vigorous Strong & lasty.

W

Weath Garland or
Crowne.

FINIS.